Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT. } NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1839. VOL. IX.—N° 39.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. B. is thanked for his many favors—the paper he mentions has been subscribed for, and will have been received before this reaches him. The missing paper and magazine, also, have been sent.

☞ The gentleman who left at the office of the "Albion," two framed engravings,—one of a Highland Pony, the other of Augusta, the danseuse, is requested to call for them at this office, where they now are, waiting a claimant.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1839.

The Turf Register.—This magazine for December will be published in two or three days, thereby closing the volume for 1839. It is highly illustrated, as may be seen from the table of contents in our advertising columns. The title-page, which has been engraved by DICK for the purpose, will be acknowledged to be the cleverest thing he has yet executed for the magazine.

There are papers in this number to which we would draw attention. The "Week in the Woodlands," by Frank Forester, is concluded; it may hardly be necessary to characterize the series of sketches of which this is the last. A distinguished American turfman, recently returned from England, has furnished a paper upon *Harkaway*, which will at once awaken interest. His views of the horse are peculiar, and they are the views of one of the most acute judges of horse-flesh in our country. The picture of Harkaway, with which we were so generously presented by Capt. STOCKTON, is pronounced by our correspondent very accurate.

The remaining article to which reference need be made, is the continuation of the series by "An Amateur," upon "*How to buy a horse.*" It is by far the most amusing of the whole series. An index to the volume accompanies the number, and an immense number of race reports.

New Books.—We yesterday received from Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, through the CARVILLS, of this city, a *Continuation of the Diary illustrative of the times of George IV.* The work is in two vols. 12 mo., and edited by the late JOHN GALT. Our opinion of the first volumes was expressed at the time; the last two we have not yet looked into.

[For the Spirit of the Times.]

A FEW REMARKS ON SCARLET FEVER.

In these times of Military mania, the following extracts from the private journal of my late friend Galen Camomile, M.D., may not prove unacceptable. I have made a few alterations, owing to the difficulty of deciphering the Doctor's crabbed handwriting, and my lack of professional knowledge:—

It is to me a matter of no small astonishment that a subject, so fraught with interest to the generality of persons in what is termed '*society*,' should so long have been neglected by that portion of the professional community, known as 'the Faculty,' who have allowed subjects of a minor import entirely to engross their attention and labors. Notwithstanding the daily instances we see recorded of the frightful ravages made by this insidious malady, the many families plunged by it into the deepest affliction, and destruction in various shapes and ways caused by it,—yet, to their shame be it spoken, not one of my professional brethren has raised a warning voice, or in any way essayed to check the ravages of this complaint. With the laudable view of removing, in as great a degree as my humble talents will permit, the odium now resting on our profession, I have undertaken to detail, in as brief a manner as is consistent with the importance of the subject, my opinion on the origin, prevention, and cure of this remarkable disorder.

In treating of Scarlet Fever, it is necessary to state, that I allude only to that species which is peculiar to young females. It is met with in every class of the sex, from the duchess to the washerwoman, from the gentlewoman to the laundry-maid; cooks, fish-women, milk ditto, and dairy-maids, alike fall victims to the seductive influence of this complaint. The age at which they are most susceptible of infection, is from fourteen to three-and-twenty, the time the young and warm heart of woman is most susceptible of impression, and when a flow of gay conversation, small nothings, (which in after years she would weary to listen to), a smiling countenance, a dash of wildness,—and a *Red Coat*—carry all before them.

A woman's heart is, to a soldier, a citadel most easily gained. Then his campaigns in the service are so delightful. A few slight skirmishes, which only tend to relieve the otherwise monotony of the siege—no bivouacking but on pic-nic expeditions—his only night-watch serenading—seldom or never come to close quarters till the enemy is about capitulating, and then the proximity is rather pleasant than otherwise—being a kiss, or an embrace, or some gentle endearment, customary precedences to the surrender of a woman's heart.

My readers will, no doubt, ere this, have discovered that the species of scarlet fever now occupying my attention, is not that disease which imparts an unpleasant rubicundity to the visage, attended with prostration of strength, and other unfavorable symptoms, but an unconquerable desire to be in the society of Red Coats. I say *Red Coats*, emphatically! because the prepossession is not generally extended in favor of the body inserted in the coat—but the coat and body together, form an inexplicable compound which is all seductive.

I attribute this influence, in a great degree, to the brightness of the color, which in most instances is heightened and set off by a profusion of gold lace, tastefully arranged. In addition to this, the owners of the coats are persons whose calling forbids any thing like a settlement, they are here to-day and gone to-morrow,—mere birds of passage. Now, as women, from dame Eve downwards, have been proverbially anxious for that which is forbidden, they, dazzled in the first instance by the coat, fondly imagine to succeed in bringing to their feet the said Red Coat, and the more difficulty they find in accomplishing their task, the more is their object enhanced, till, in the end, they sink the victims of an ill-fated passion. If, however, the Coat surrenders at once (which is rarely the case) an elopement is most frequently the issue, which may or may not terminate in a happy marriage. These remarks on the proximate causes of the superinduction of the disorder, apply more particularly to the higher classes of society. With the humbler grades, the Red Coat is still most potent, though lacking the gold; this, however, is more than compensated for by the profusion of *brass* in the composition of the wearers of the coats, and many of my readers are, no doubt, aware that in this age of deception and imitation, brass is often mistaken for gold, and frequently accomplishes that, by its assumption, which gold, from its modesty, would fail in attempting. The most fatal results attendant upon this disorder among the poor, are—a total neglect of work, loss of savings, and a considerable decrease in the parish alms fund, owing to the numerous additions to the pauper juvenility, thereby inflicting the many by the indiscretions of a few.

In young ladies we may first detect the existence of the disorder by the expression of a sudden desire to attend parade—the Military Service,—and at balls, or other festive occasions, the *physiognomic* diagnosis is very evident, for if the lady be requested to dance by a civilian (that is to say, any other coat than a *red*,) she instantly assumes an expression, not *exactly* resembling the face of one afflicted with hydrophobia, if water be presented to him—but rather the aspect of a lover of good Burton Ale, if a glass of swipes or small beer be offered him. The extremity of the nose forthwith assumes a heavenward elevation, accompanied by a look, which, by the uninitiated, might be mistaken for one of contempt—and the poor blue or black coat is consigned to hopeless despair. If, on the contrary, the request be made by one of the fiery hue, the eye is *instanter* lit in its brightest smiles, the nose retains its natural elevation, or, if noses can be said to be capable of expression, it wears an aspect of satisfaction, in fact, the whole countenance betrays a feeling of intense delight.

The premonitory symptoms among the opposite class of females, (servants, for instance,) are certain mysterious whisperings and conferences with Red Bodies through a half-opened door, during the period of their employer's dinner—twilight flittings up and down the area steps—and oft-repeated vigils at the garden or back-gate of the house, the religious mania also prevails to a certain extent. By some mysterious influence or agency the disease has an unaccountable tendency to impoverish, among this description of persons, as many who have previously hoarded a trifle, find themselves, on their recovery from its attacks, quite guiltless of any thing like the possession of a cent. I can only account for this in one way—that Red Coats have the besetting sin of avarice, and the inferior cloth having aspirations to a like degree of ornament with its more aristocratic brother, its humble admirers pander to its every fancy, and give their little savings to gratify this unholy passion for show.

Parents, friends, and guardians cannot be too zealous in checking the disease, on its first appearance. On the first disposition to an attack, the patient should be instantly removed into a state of seclusion, or to a part of the country not infested with *Red* coats, but having rather an attractive display of the other and despised colors. Time, and time only, will effect a thorough cure. This system, however, cannot be carried into operation with persons in humble circumstances, and I have seldom known a case, in that rank of life, perfectly cured but by an union with the ruddy object of adoration; and as these coats usually inhabit barracks, a week's residence therein is usually more than sufficient to accomplish a radical cure in the unfortunate woman. Persons having the superintendence of families should restrain their charges from any communication whatever with the causes of the malady, and the like restriction should also extend to all female domestics. Too great an abhorrence of scarlet cannot be shown; in fact, though the example be somewhat uncommon, and the assimilation by no means flattering, I would suggest sympathy of feeling with the beasts of the field on this score, oxen more especially, who have, from time immemorial, held red colors in utter and inextinguishable hatred. Their antipathy is not confined to coats, for I do remember me of an instance to the contrary, which, if my readers will pardon an episodical digression, I will at once relate.

A domestic, in the service of a somewhat eccentric friend of mine, who delights in chromatics, and whose love for the science induced him to clothe his servants in most rainbow-like hues—green coats, brimstone-colored vests, brick-dust-colored combinations, with hose of a "cerulean tint"—was one day, on some special errand intent, crossing a meadow in which several cows were quietly pursuing their graminivorous occupation. An old, and usually staid cow, pausing for a moment to masticate a recently-cropped mouthful of clover, with that air of thought for which cows are remarkable, happened to glance her eye on the varlet's glowing smalls, and instanter all thoughts of *gourmandrie* were banished from her mind, and all the latent and subdued energy of a cow's disposition was aroused into action at sight of the hated color. With foaming and distended nostrils, and with her tail raised to the elevation of her back, she dashed impetuously at the wearer of the before-mentioned red unmentionables. Away ran he, and after him ran she, when lo! at the moment he congratulated himself with the hope of escaping her fury by the shelter of an adjacent hedge, she had attained such a propinquity as enabled her, by and with the aid of her cornific appendages, to raise him "high in air," and jerk him in the most precipitous manner into the waters of a ditch which quietly meandered on the opposite side of the hedge aforesaid, thereby causing great discolorment in "the scarlets," and considerably affecting the equanimity of the wearer's mind, he being totally unused to such summary and expeditious modes of clearing hedges. This feat accomplished, the cow assumed her former occupation, and an air of thought, with as much coolness as though nothing had occurred to disturb her wonted serenity.

I beg here to observe, that in recommending a like spirit of hatred towards scarlet coats with the cows and oxen, I by no means advocate an imitation of that feeling of hostility and individual punishment, which, by the example above cited, I have shown to exist among them. On the contrary,—for if no notice be taken of the vain pretensions, and desire for admiration, inherent in scarlet coats, they will dwindle down to the level of their fellow beings, when, like the snake, their sting removed, they may become objects of admiration for man, woman, or child, without fear of ill consequences therefrom. In some instances, heartless though they be, we know them to be visited with remorse, and all its attendant horrors, for their inconsiderate conduct towards the gentler sex. In the annals of our native poetry, how oft we find their perfidy the theme of the poet's song; and I will here, from among those sonnets innumerable, mention one whose lines describe in the most pathetic and melancholy manner, the ill-starred fate of one of the fairest daughters of a sister city (Halifax), whose untimely end was consummated by the fascinations of one of those oft-mentioned coats. With trembling hand and streaming eyes do I pen her name—"*Unfortunate Miss Bailey!*" Ye readers fair, let her untimely fate be ever present in your recollection. Ye Red Coats, let the seducer's wretched end be a warning to ye in your vain pursuits! It has fallen to my lot, in the course of an extensive practice, to witness many cases of this disorder, and as they may not prove uninteresting to my readers, I will pray their indulgent perusal of a few instances, extracted from my private memoranda, the facts connected with which I carefully noted down as they occurred.

No. I.

Miss Zephyrina Phlyrt, a supposed wealthy heiress, was first attacked at a ball given by her aunt on the important and never-to-be-forgotten occasion of the 27th anniversary of her wedding-day. At the time of entering the ball-room, she enjoyed the most perfect health, and continued so until about 12 o'clock. At that unlucky moment a Red-Coat, surmounted with a head tastefully decorated with ringlets, and supported by a pair of the most diminutive and spare props imaginable—which bore the appearance of a pair of legs shaved too thin in the making—entered the room. Miss Phlyrt danced with the said Coat, and became desperately enamoured of it;—the Coat was delighted, and she was delighted. That evening she refused 19 requests from Blue Coats, and the fourth night following, alighted from her window, was hurried into a post-chaise, whisked off to Gretna Green, and was then and there by the resident Blacksmith rivetted in the chains of matrimony, entering that holy state with the somewhat cacophonous name of Phinykynn—Mrs. Cornet Phinykynn. The consequences were heart-rending. Her father, upon hearing of her flight, in a violent fury made a testamentary distribution of his property, burst a blood-vessel, and died! On opening his will, it was found that the fortune which would have been entailed upon his daughter, was, in consequence of her misconduct, in part willed to two charities—the Lunatic Asylum, and the Lying-in-Hospital,—and the remainder placed at the disposal of the Anti dry-rot Company. The Cornet on learning this blight on his expectations, left his wife, and went—the Lord knows where. She, poor thing, became a lunatic, wandering through the streets habited in a scarlet coat, which, in her simplicity, she as frequently wore wrong side in front, as right, and after the lapse of a few months, was found one morning, stiff and cold, on the door-step of the house erst inhabited by herself and her detestable Red-coated husband! Peace to thy manes! poor deluded one.

No. II.

Bridget Mops was, on the 26th Jan., 1838, admitted into the —— Hospital, (which Institution I attended as visiting Surgeon,) whence she was finally consigned to the Lunatic Asylum. The circumstances connected with her case are somewhat remarkable. She had lived for some time as housemaid in the family of Major Koaldwithowtt, (now President of the Anti-new-rum-and-no-sangoree Society, in the Island of Jamaica,) in which service she had contracted an intimacy with a plain Red-Coat, with whom she was wont to hold midnight conferences over the garden walls, the summit of which she attained by the aid of a large cistern, on whose friendly lid she would mount, and there, until the gray morn streaked the horizon, would she hold "sweet converse" with her beloved. The Fates, however, unpropitious, had decreed that her course of love should not be a rail-way. One night "dark as Erebus" they met at the usual trysting place, and Biddy had consigned to her swain's custody her surplus revenue for the last six months, with which he was to purchase "the ring;" being the first step tow'rds the consummation of her matrimonial expectations. The purse had just been dropped into the eager palm of the expectant Red-Coat, when lo! a hinge of the faithless lid on which Biddy was perched, gave way, and she was precipitously soused over head and ears in the frigid element! Upon her re-appearance above the surface of the water, she clutched the edge of the cistern, and screamed most vociferously for help! Fearful of discovery, away ran he of the scarlet tint, and, unlike the knights of yore, heeded not the call of his "ladye fayre" to the rescue—who, after ten minutes bobbing up and down in those waters destined for other purposes than a housemaid's bath, was finally extricated by "the young man as cleaned the boots," who, hearing her piteous cries, promptly as possible came to her assistance. Her lengthened immersion brought on a severe cold—cold superinduced fever—delirium ensued, and she is now an unhappy maniac! She talks of nothing but soldiers, has a most inordinate craving for lobsters and carrots, the former of which if allowed to dress, she plunges in full existence into the boiling water, and "her eye in fine frenzy rolling," watches with feelings of undisguised delight the process of turning red. She decks her raven locks with poppies and marigolds, and the window of her cell is overgrown with scarlet-runners. All these sad events and still more lamentable consequences, may by the most natural and easy conclusions, be traced for origin to a passion for Red-Coats.

No. III.

Sally Skate, a perambulating dispenser of the finny tribe, was placed under my care. This was a mild case. She had fallen in love with a Trumpeter, and in listening to his harmonious strains in the barrack-yard, had, during the summer season, entailed much loss on her parents, by the decomposition of the contents of her basket, owing to exposure to the sun. She was forbidden to wander in the vicinity of the haunts of the Trumpeter aforesaid—which injunction she implicitly obeyed. She became the victim of a settled melancholy, and no entreaties could induce her to vend aught but red-herrings; which, as her wanderings were confined to a rich neighborhood, was found to be a profitless employment for her valuable time. I recommended saline draughts with copious bleedings at the back of the neck. The Trumpeter shortly afterwards decamped, and her recovery was as instantly established, which latter circumstance I will not hesitate for one moment in ascribing to my judicious treatment. This patient afterwards married a Policeman.

In the course of my Hospital practice I have attended many cases of this fever, and have seldom failed in my treatment of them; my usual remedies are strong cathartics, blistering, cupping, and cold baths. Cases of confirmed love are obstinate in the extreme, and require the nicest observation and discrimination as to the application of the proper remedies to be employed. Should my remarks upon Scarlet Fever be viewed with a favorable eye by my friends of the fair sex, I may possibly be induced to make further extracts from my late friend's Journal, touching that mysterious and inexplicable affection of the human species, male and female, known as Love.

Bachelor's Hall, 26th May, 1839. RALPH MERRYTHOUGHT.

Love.—If you cannot inspire a woman with love for you fill her above the brim with love for herself, and all that runs over will be yours.

"Can you tell me, my son, what a jury of inquest is?" "A jury of inquest am a body of men what sits down on a dead man to find out whether he are dead for sartin, or am only playing the possum."

Scene in a Printing Office.—"Tom, what are you engaged upon?" said the foreman in a newspaper establishment to one of the compositors.

"Upon an elopement, sir."

"Stop," said his interrogator, "I want you take a share in a murder!"

Louisiana Advertiser.

An Ass.—"No one would take you to be what you *are*," said an old fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a dandy, who had more *hair* than brains. "Why?" was the immediate reply. "Because they can't see your *ears*."

CURSORY COGITATIONS CONCERNING CATS.

How in the world it comes to pass that people—and worthy, goodhearted people, too, in the main—can have a single relative in existence, from the nearest degree mentioned at the end of the Prayer-Book to a Caledonian cousinship forty-nine times removed inclusive, about whom they care no more than they do about the multitudes against whom they jostle in their everyday walks of life—that is to say, towards whom they do not feel their hearts one whit the warmer *because they are* relations—is to us a thing, as Celia says. "wonderful out of all whooping." For ourselves, the mere claim of kindred acts as a sort of magnet upon our affections. We honour, from the bottom of our heart, that hanging together of name and line, that practical application of the maxim, that "blood is thicker than water,"—in a word, that better part of the spirit of clanship, which so pre-eminently distinguishes the kindly Scot from his more southern brethren. A family gathering is to us a pleasure anxiously anticipated, and fondly remembered,—"the day it comes is noted as a white day in our lives." We love to see the hearth surrounded by a merry circle of kith and kin, old and young, rich and poor,—what matters it? we love them none the less for being old—Heaven forbid we should do so for being poor. We love to hear the kindly mention of those far away, (for, alas! there are few such gatherings without their "vacant places,")—to mark the thousand unpretending, unceremonious, kindly little sayings and doings, so widely different from the stilted politeness of fashion—to listen once more to the oft-told family tale—to laugh once again at the oft-repeated family joke. We sometimes begin to have serious thoughts of committing matrimony ourselves, for the sake of enjoying all this sort of thing round a fireside of our own; for this pro-Malthusian, anti-connubial, bachelor style of living, after all, is but dullish; and we find ourselves continually dropping in upon some brother, or uncle, or cousin, as the case may be, for a dish of tea and chat, and an hour or two of domesticity. Indeed, we always make a point of satisfying ourselves, by personal enquiry, as to the existence, health, and happiness, of every member of the family within our reach; but as their name is Legion, and we are strictly impartial in our visitations, we seldom get through the whole series under three weeks or a month. The night before last we made merry with uncle Tom, and having, in imitation of that respected relative, duly swallowed three large tumblers of "something comfortable," and kissed in succession thirteen children, from three months upwards, we made our way home, much to the indignation of our landlady, at one of those small hours which the world, by a strange perversion of the truth, calls "late." Yesterday evening, by way of doing penance for the offence, we inflicted ourselves most unrelentingly upon our brother Charles and his wife, who haven't got over the honey-moon more than a week; and where, of course, there was neither of the afore-mentioned drinkable or kissable commodities to be met with. To-night—let us see—there is our cousin Horace's new snuggery, and our aunt Tabitha's Howqua's mixture, upon both of which we are pledged to pass sentence at our earliest opportunity. Like Desdemona, we "do perceive here a divided duty;" and how to settle the question is a puzzler. We have it: Most gracious Sovereign! may it please your Majesty's most royal golden image to decide the point for us! So—up you go—Heads, Horace—Tails, Tabitha;—Down you come (*Dii avertite omen*) head foremost, as we expected!—Tails—Tea, and Tabitha! So be it then—give us our hat and stick.

Ah! our dear aunt, and so there you are this cold evening, "cherishing your knees," as Leigh Hunt has it, before the fire. And how is the rheumatism you were complaining of the other morning?—this frosty night, we fear, bodes it no good: and what is the last new saying your favourite Poll has learned?—and last, not least, how fares our stout old acquaintance, Sir Thomas the Tortoise-shelly? We think we hear him somewhere about the room, but you haven't ordered candles yet, and we can't quite make him out. Ah! here he is; we feel him rubbing his sleeky person against our dexter leg, to announce his gratification at seeing us; we hardly-think any thing under a stray canary bird would tempt him away for the next half hour. Hark! he is purring most hospitable welcome, and now we have managed to catch his eye. Thank Heaven we were not created a mouse, for the very first glance of that eye would be enough to fascinate us! Why, it is positive fire; a moth in a dark room might singe himself at it. We would not wake suddenly in the dead of night, and see two such orbs staring upon us, for all England, Scotland, and Ireland, not to mention the Land of Leeks. We should think the *old* gentleman, *par excellence*, had been watching while we slept, to catch any awkward secret we might chance to discharge to our deaf pillows, and patiently waiting till we awoke, to carry us off bodily on an involuntary visit to his subterraneous dominions: such eyes as those, at such an hour, might fright from its propriety the most stainless conscience that ever sweetened slumber:—they would "murder sleep," as effectually as Macbeth, for the next four-and-twenty hours at least. We positively think they would soon make us nervous even now, with their fixed green glare bent upon us; but here comes Mary with the lights, and we are relieved. So apparently is not Sir Thomas, for, albeit doubly convinced by their entrance that we are really and truly your very loving and unworthy nephew, he seems by no means best pleased with the sudden flood of light, which renders all further scrutiny on the point unnecessary. What would we not give for some Gottfried mind to "burst his cerements," and rise, brush in hand, to paint him, as he has turned him round and seated himself in philosophical meditation on the Walls-ends that burn so cheerfully before us! He is evidently yielding himself up to all the luxury of a brown study: voiceless, motionless, save only a gentle involuntary pleasurable agitation of the tip of his tail: forgetful even of the approaching tea-time, and the accustomed saucer of milk: surrendered to the full influence of that mysterious sympathy between coals and contemplation, which never lets us look for two consecutive minutes at a bright clear fire, without throwing us into a calm, thoughtful, moralising frame of mind, presenting to us, in every black promontory and glowing cavern, more strange and varying shapes and images than "Denmark's sage courtier" discovered in the passing cloud, to fool her "princely youth" to the top of his bent. Your cat, after all, is the most truly philosophic brute: a ruminating animal is a goose to him. There is something about that cat of yours, our dear aunt—sugar and cream, if you please, and a liberal allowance of both—there is evidently about that cat of yours an abstraction from things real, a separation of spirit from matter, a meditativeness, which a Greek sage of the olden time would have looked upon with envy. Disturb him not, and he will sit in that self-same position for hours—let but this ball of thread roll within reach of his eye, thus, and—pounce! why, he is in his kittenhood again in a moment! Your venerable protégé is one of those whom age robs not of all "smack of their youth:"

> "Our good old cat, Earl Tomlemagne,
> Upon a warm spring-day,
> Even like a kitten at its sport
> Is often seen to play."

With all his philosophy he is no Stoic. A yard of string and an inch of ribband are too much for him any day: he is "pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw," to the latest moment of his existence. And now we think he may lap his milk, and Mary may take away the tea things; for, fascinating as is the beverage, we never allow ourselves to exceed the third cup. Why, the saucer is nearly empty already! That ceaseless purr, and that ecstatic sweeping of the tail, might make envious the most inveterate gourmand in London: we could almost plump down upon all fours, and lap with him ourselves, the operation appears so delightful.

Truly, Sir Thomas, thou leadest a happy life. For thee beameth a cheerful fire, and spreadeth a soft warm hearth-rug. For thee the morning sun poureth his earliest radiance through yon eastern window, and for thee diffuseth his parting warmth on yonder back-door, where, as thou reposest, no juvenile vagabond, wantonly envious of thy felicity, may halloo on the hostile cur, or whirl from some obscure corner the treacherous brick-bat. Pleasant is it to behold thee, basking in the full effulgence of the burning day-god:—waking indeed, yet not far removed from slumber—in a state of luxurious dreaminess, fancying thyself, perchance, in some feline Elysium, where the sleek race of mice faileth never, and the gentle gales wander by unceasingly, stealing odor from a wilderness of valerian. Thou art one of those who cannot be "too much i' the sun;"—a true votary of the noontide—a sworn worshipper of the dog-days. A'as! that we should be compelled to class thee among those human children of the same divinity, "with whom revenge is virtue!"

Nor little be thy rejoicing that thy lot was cast in these our enlightened days, rather than in the darker times of our poor, miserable, ignorant, benighted ancestors. Be thou very thankful that, in this happy era, ancient dames may be hook-nosed, or hump-backed, or halting, with impunity, and that familiar spirits have become strangers in the land! Tremble thou to hear that time was, when the dread Father of Evil himself walked the earth after thy image, black of hue as midnight;—when malignant imps, lurking concealed under a livery of tortoiseshell, wrought unspeakable ills to myriads of unfortunate chawbacons;—when men prophesied a mildewed harvest from every sweep of thy tail, a sickening herd from every purring intonation of thy voice;—when, if thou didst frisk in thy harmless glee, thou wert esteemed to be practising minuets for the approaching Witches' Sabbath—if thou didst but seize a passing mouse, thou wert only endeavoring to blind the eyes of the multitude from detecting under thy disguise the incarnation of the Wicked One. Be thou exceeding grateful that, in these latter days, thou hast fallen under the especial protection of a gentle sisterhood, whose hearts, unoccupied by other affections, throw open for thy race alone the wide flood-gates of their tenderness; who consecrate for thee a shrine in every hearth-rug, and appoint high-priestesses for thy service in the shape of much-enduring maids-of-all-work. For thee, kind ministers! at every return of morn, do they duly arrest the dog-drawn vehicle, far scented by thy expectant tribe, wherein, Homerically arranged on spit-like skewers, are borne the savoury morsels collected from a thousand stores for thine especial consumption:—for thee do they bend upon the itinerant purveyor their sweetest of sweet smiles, that he may select for thy favored palate his most tempting delicacies. For thy sake, in particular, O Epicurean Sir Thomas! how many a murmuring brother and mewing sister peep anxiously forth each morning, to chide the sluggish wheels and lingering merchant! How many a fasting lap-dog whines complainingly, as he views, at hungry distance, the long-protracted gratification of thy fastidious appetite!

And yet is not thy cup of sweets altogether undashed with bitterness,—"medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid;"—thou too hast thy share of the persecutions of this persecuting world: nay, no sooner hast thou entered it than thy perils compass thee round, and, alas! thou hast no eyes to avoid them! How often have we seen thy helpless kindred, in all the fancied security and unoffending blindness of kittenhood, dashed rudely against the flinty wall, or plunged headlong into the stagnant pool or hurrying torrent! How often, O Thames! stream "gentle yet not dull," have we marked some hapless victim, cut off untimely, and nipped in the very bud of promise, borne slowly downward on the bosom of the waves!—alas! how changed!—the graceful form swollen and distended with "too much of water"—the innocent limbs rigid and extended in death—the glossy coat worn from the skin by the action of the unpitying stream—the nucleus of a foul collection of sticks and straws, "weeds and filth, a leprous scum," augmenting as it is borne lazily on, till in the unsightly and shapeless mass the very mother that moaned for its loss would fail to recognise her offspring! Happy, ay, thrice happy, Puss, was she, Sir Thomas, who was erst wont to carry thee in her maternal mouth to the sunniest spots, secluded from the prying ken of the destroyer;—who kept for thee the choicest morsel, visiting with stealthiest step thy carefully concealed bed in some well-filled barn or comfortable hay-loft, till thy opening eyes grew bright, and thy young limbs waxed strong, and thou didst shoot up beneath her delighted gaze into active and vigorous cathood! But not even thus have thy perils ceased, and still art thou in jeopardy! Many sworn foes hast thou—imps of mischief in short jackets and still shorter inexpressibles—"fiends in shape of boys," as sayeth the tender-hearted minstrel whose mournful dirge rang plaintively over the "expiring frog,"—who go about to do thee perpetual harm. Perchance, allured by the warmth of a more than usually genial morn, thou dost timidly peep forth into the world, unconscious of the perils which lurk beyond the pale of thine accustomed area, and art pacing with slow, happy, unsuspicious steps, along the well-sunned flag-stones:—alas! unhappy animal! see you not yon evil-minded urchin before?—hear you not yon butcher's cur behind?—turn! fly! ere yet it be too late! already the well-aimed pebble is on its way,—already the growling savage in act to spring—one moment more, and——Now, by the great Jupiter, a masterly retreat! Xenophon from from Cunaxa was not half so skilful,—Bonaparte from Moscow not half so quick! How the caitiff cur stands astounded at the leap which cleared his unwieldy carcase, and bore thee at one bound beyond the reach of his utmost swiftness!—And let thy much palpitating heart rejoice, for the missile of thy human foe has spent its force against yon kitchen window, and a sturdy scullion is even now taking vengeance on the offender.

Many a time and oft, too, has our heart bled for the hapless child of thy race, whom some puerile demon, despite her piteous moanings and despairing struggles, holds closely grappled between his unrelenting knees, till he has shod each velvet paw with a sandal of unyielding walnut-shell, and laughs to see her limp clattering away, or to mark her fruitless efforts to disengage her tender toes from their unwonted durance. Sometimes too—thank heaven! but seldom—do we shudder, as we read of the atrocities of some more mature devil, some animated flint, who, for the sake of all-evil gain, hesitates not to strip the furry coat from the yet living flesh, to fling aside the bleeding and quivering carcass. We have scarcely heart to speak of it;—we never look at an urchin surmounted by one of those hateful fur caps, without thinking of the agonies by which perchance it was purchased—without fancying we hear the howl of torture, and see the mangled limbs writhing under——But the theme is too horrible to be pursued: in all Hogarth's Progress of Cruelty, sickening as it is to look on, there is not imagined a more fiendish example of the vice.

And yet there be those who look upon thy persecutions with little compassion, and scruple not to lay to thy account manifold and serious charges, which would indeed, we fear, puzzle thee to answer. They say that thou art one of those time-servers whom it is dangerous to trust—a very incarnation of treachery—friend and foe in the same moment—now fawning, and now scratching—bearing a most feudal remembrance of wrongs, without the open and avowed hostility which accompanied the enmities of those days—one who suffers the injury of a moment to blot out the benefits of a life. "I do not love a cat," says somebody or other, we forget who—his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled "in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or his foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you, turning back as he goes a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness, seeming to say, 'Perdition catch you! I hate you forever!'" Yes, the charge is too true—an uncertain and fickle friend thou art; and not without reason has our own Shakspeare made the noble mother of the banished Coriolanus, while she vents her wrath upon the cowering Tribunes, sum up in the single expressive epithet of "Cats!" all the faithlessness, and the falsehood, and the ingratitude of the scoundrel Plebs, who hooted their deliverer from the gates of Rome. They say, too, Sir Thomas, that thou thyself art a persecutor: that thou lovest to torment the hapless sparrow, and the ill-fated mouse,—delaying the fatal gripe only to gloat over its bootless struggles, and drink in with greedy ear its little cries of complaint. They say that all thy sufferings are but the well-deserved recompense of thy——Grace be with us! what sound was that? As we hope to be saved, our respected aunt fast asleep, and snoring most unequivocally! And to think that we should have been wasting our precious oreath for the last half hour in this fashion, deeming fondly that we were creating the most favorable impression that the skill of an expectant nephew ever succeeded in making upon a maiden aunt with £10,000 in the three per cents! Bah! we will beat our retreat before the old girl wakes herself to the sound of her own music; and as for you, Sir Thomas, as you value your safety, get not between us and the door, or we may be tempted too strongly to turn bully ourselves, and treat you to an accidental kick, that will stick in your memory to the end of your ninth existence.

Now forgive us, if you can, all you far, bright, silent stars that now shine down upon us, all the humbug we have uttered this blessed evening to tickle the ungrateful ears of the virgin Tabitha, and let it be sufficient punishment to have uttered it in vain! Not that we absolutely hate a cat—that would be contrary to our principles. We have no more personal grudge against them, than the son of Peleus had against the Trojans; they never steal *our* cream—frighten *our* favorite bullfinch into convulsions—or "catawampously chaw up" *our* gold fish. We have, we say, no downright, red-hot feud with them; but we cannot help regarding them, at best, but as a sort of modified tigers, with whom it is dangerous to be too familiar, and trench not upon the undisputed prerogative of the single sisterhood. We lords of creation seldom love cats. Most women do—and no wonder; both are graceful, and both domestic; not to mention that they both scratch. Still they have an authority or two among us to quote in their favor; no less a personage than Mahomet himself patronised the breed, and, if his disciples "have writ their annals true," the said Prophet actually allowed his feline favorite to turn the breast of his robe into a nursery for her purring progeny! Only fancy the Founder of the Faithful with a bosom full of kittens! Why, his embrace (and he was pretty prodigal of such delicate attentions) must have been nearly as destructive to the favored fair one as that of the great father of gods and men to the "lightning-blasted Semele." Indeed, we are sceptical enough to question whether Mistress Khadijah could ever have been persuaded to allow the practice, though beyond a doubt the modern moslem doth "most powerfully and potently believe" it, and imitates it so zealously, that he might give many a lesson in cat-keeping even to the virgin daughters of merry England.

Southey kept a cat at Balliol—or if he didn't, he wrote lines to one as if he did, (one never knows when to believe a poet;) and he praises the said cat, real or imaginary, for being a "democratic beast." Well, the said laureate was a democratic young gentleman himself in those days—but he knows better now: no doubt he got well scratched one fine morning, and discovered all on a sudden that democracy in theory was a far finer thing than democracy in practice.

Scott even—the dog-loving and dog-loved Scott—admitted in his later days a sneaking kindness for pussy. "The greatest advance of age," says he, "which I have yet found, is liking a cat, an animal which I detested, and becoming fond of a garden, an art which I despised." We have nothing to say against the first argument of senility, for cats and old folks have really many common characteristics; but as to the second position, that the love of a garden is the peculiar concomitant of advancing years, we do think we could—battling under cover of the strong shield of Bacon, like Teucer from behind that of Ajax Telamon—put "old Peveril" to the rout, horse and foot. We have a great mind to try a skirmish some day, when we sport our country house, and have a "pleasaunce" of our own, to stir us up in defence of that "purest of all human pleasures."

But we have made too hasty a jump among the moderns, and passed over the grand authority for cat-keeping—the quaint, learned, lively, philosophical, gossiping, egotistical, fascinating Montaigne. We have even been led to entertain serious thoughts of setting up a Grimalkin ourselves, after reading his account of himself and his pet. "When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple that has her time to begin or to refuse to play, as freely as myself have? nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better; and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her when we two play together?"* The old Gascon capering round his study with puss at his heels, jumping at the tantalizing lure, has summoned up to our memory a similar picture—Cowper's account of his hares; a narrative which would be enough to make us love the hand which penned it, had it never traced a line of the strains which have for ever enshrined his memory in the hearts of the wise and good among his countrymen. The Bard of *The Task*, by the way, has himself no mean claim to the respect of the feline family. Their gratitude for the Elegy on the "demurest of the tabby kind" should, to say the least of it, be purrpetual.

And yet, though we have found a poet or two to patronize the race, it is by no means loved by the "genus irritabile" in general: "caret vate sacro," like all great men who so unfortunately existed before the days of Agamemnon; unless, indeed, we dignify with that honored name the innumerable and excellent poetasters, who build the lofty rhyme for the ears of the rising generation, and swell with many a storied page and pictured *tome* the bookshelves of the nursery. There, in many a wild and wondrous legend, many a happy and instructive epologue doth our friend puss stand pre-eminent. To this day we have vividly before us the portraiture of Puss in Boots, and feel yet a relish for the history of the venerable Dame Trot and her Comical Cat. How beautifully is her treacherous spirit denounced in the simple and touching story of the "three blind mice who sat in a barn to spin;"—her siren-like behavior in the fable of the Old and the Young Mouse! What bosom has not felt a pang at the cruel catastrophe which befel the hospitable hostess of the "Froggie would a-wooing go," and who met with so unfortunate an accident in the course of his stroll homewards? What calculating master and arithmetical miss has not toiled and labored over the hopeless task of discovering the aggregate amount of "kits, cats, sacks, and wives," journeying towards the ancient and loyal borough of St. Ives! But we might multiply questions to infinity.

As to all the brave young princes, and angelic young princesses, who have been enchanted into cats, from the year of the world *one* to the year of grace 1839 inclusive, if we were to move for a return of them, the "tottle of the whole" would baffle the calculating powers of black and white Joey Hume himself. We confess that, in our more superstitious moments, we are half-inclined to number ourselves among those "who hold the opinion of Pythagoras, and fear to kill a woodcock least they dispossess the soul of their grandam;" and to look upon every Grimalkin as some prince, power, or potentate, "doomed for a certain space to walk" in tortoise shell; or a masquerading fairy, condescending for some elfish purpose to visit this "middle earth," who will by no means fail to repay with interest any indignities offered to his *pro tempore* person, and make us——Now, all confusion seize the miscreant that made that slide for our unwary feet to tread upon! Here, you! policeman! lend us a helping hand up, will you? The feline accomplishment of falling always upon one's legs would have saved us a considerable shock somewhere else just at this moment! We, that have only one life to lose, seldom manage to tumble without a bruise at least, while a wretch of a cat, with nine times the number, may fall from the clouds themselves without a parachute, and come down as comfortably as if granite were three-piled velvet, and asphalte eider-down. There certainly is a sort of "charmed life" about a cat, which goes far to justify our ancestors in their belief that they were either spirits of ill, *in propria persona*, or had signed and sealed indentures of partnership with the Archfiend himself. "Care killed a cat," says some modern Solomon, meaning thereby to point out, both how very difficult it is to kill the said animal, and that, if mental anxiety can effect so arduous an exploit, it can, *a fortiori*, far more easily make an end of a parcel of poor miserable mortals like ourselves! Corollary:—that our sorrows ought to be drowned, like kittens, in their infancy; and, like Clarence, in good liquor.

Well, thank goodness, here we are at home; and not before it is high time either—for there speak the tongues, of which Time has as many as Rumour, though he finds but a far more scanty audience. One, two, three!—twelve o'clock, by all that's horological! Alas for twelve o'clock! No longer is it the "very witching time of night" that it was wont to be: no longer, at its pealing summons, the spiritual world sends forth its denizens to frighten us "fools of nature" out of what few senses we possess. Church-yards groan no more; and though, indeed, the graves do still "give up their dead," it is only to the hands of the body-snatcher. In our modern midnights, staircases creak, and candles burn blue in vain. Does a door fly suddenly open?—we only confound the wind and slam it to again. Is a mysterious scratching heard?—we do but anathematize a rat, and turn over to the next page of our book Armed in the strength of mind of the nineteenth century, we can smile at the "airy tongues" and echoing footfalls, the hollow moans and clanking chains which terrified our grandmothers. There! that very sound that rose half a second ago, and has hardly yet died away, would, under the reign of Anne Radcliffe, have thrown a whole boarding-school into hysterics. Again!—I might almost be taken for the voice of some indignant ghost, bemoaning himself on his farewell ramble, and pouring forth a melancholy *Vale* to his once constant occupation, so rapidly falling away before the cock-crow of that mental chanticleer, the Schoolmaster Abroad. Once more!—Then must we risk a cold, and look out into the moonlight Pshaw! that our usually accurate ears should have been puzzled by old Biddy Skinflint's tom-cat, on the opposite house-top! The old rascal has just emerged for his midnight ramble, and is merely giving notice to the feline neighborhood that he would be glad of a companion. And lo!—obedient to the summons, from the adjoining gutter, peereth forth the head of the velvet-garbed Tib, prime favorite of the venerable Griselda Pennilove, whom boys irreverent do denominate Grizel: and now, along the very verge of the parapet paceth the daring heroine, greeting, with many a loving tone, the ear of the expectant Tom; and now she scales, at one bound, the opposing tiles, and stands by his side on the summit: they purr—they wave backwards and forwards their gentle tails—they rub together their loving sides and affectionate noses—entranced in ecstasy of happiness too deep for caterwauling.

But see where, urged on by the "green-eyed monster" Jealousy, stealeth towards the pair the unseen Bob, Lord Paramount in the affections of the chaste Susannah Witherspoon. Proudly arches his indignant back, and far flashes his passion-glaring eye! With one mighty leap he alights full in front of the astonished Tom, who, startled yet undismayed, contemptuously spitting in the face of the foe, collecteth all his force for the inevitable struggle; while not far removed, the affrighted Tib, (a feline Dejanira,) awaiteth in piteous suspense the issue of the tremendous conflict, sending forth, ever and anon, her sad mewings for the danger of her favored champion. Him, regardless of her woe, seizeth with tenacious talon the infuriated Bob, not unresisted by tooth and claw on the part of the assailed: and now more shrilly soundeth the plaintive voice of her, "teterrima belli causa;" more loudly peal the yells of the maddened rivals, as, locked in an inextricable embrace, they wage the unrelenting warfare—nobly emulous of those traditionary warriors of the tribe, who erst, in fair Kilkenny, swallowed each other in the intensty of their rage, leaving behind them not a wreck, save the tip of a single tail, to point out the scene of cannibalism. And now from many an attic window protrudeth many a night-capped head, disturbed from its peaceful pillow by the fury of the strife; and rise to many a tongue curses "not loud but deep" upon cats in general, and the unconscious combatants in particular. In vain;—fast and far, along the echoing roofs, speed to the scene the partisans of either chief, to mingle in the gathering *melee*. Not otherwise, when, in that classic region where seven distinct dials proclaim the progress of time, some daring youth of Munster, with heart-cutting words, hath aroused the indignation of Connaught's hardy son, from every quarter of the surrounding territory pour forth the children of potato bearing Ierne, rejoicing in the anticipation of battle, regardless of the cause, in aid of either disputant: till, plunged into the thickest of the fray, and undiscerning friend from foe in the excess of their excitement, they deal forth their blows indiscriminately on all around them, to the great glory of the Emerald Isle, and the exceeding terror of the new police. Positively the scene is growing exciting—The combat deepens! "on, ye brave, who rush to glory or"—Hah! yonder old gentleman in the attic, provoked beyond forbearance, is growing desperate; he is about to purchase a night's quiet at an awful sacrifice of crockery! We see him nervously grasping his water-jug in his better hand, evidently balancing in his mind the wrath of his landlady against his own personal comforts;—he longs, yet lingers;—now he raises, as if resolved, the dreadful missile—and now again imagination conjures up the morning's frowns and chidings, and he wavers in his bold design. To the rescue! ho!—a reinforcement of no less than three sturdy Toms rushing to the fray catches his eye—he hesitates no longer—he elevates the death-fraught engine—he whirls it forward—Bah! a bad shot, but effectual: crash goes the jug upon the tiles into ten thousand fragments! bursts forth one loud, short, simultaneous screech, followed by a sound as of much spitting!—five-and-twenty tails stream and whirl aloft for a moment, like meteors, and

> "Have they melted in earth or vanished in air?
> We see not, we know not,—but nothing is there."

In go the heads—down go the windows:—one minute just to "put out the light, and then,"—why then, we'll forgive the cat that manages to wake us for the next nine hours, that's all.

Blackwood's Magazine.

* The quotation is from Izaac Walton, who adds—"Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats." There is, however, as much freedom in Father Izaac's translation as in Montaigne's gossip.

Life and Death.—A gentleman advertises for board and lodging in a respectable family, "to live with them, and be done for," and, to render his views still less equivocal, he adds that "quietness is his object."

A BARBEROUS STORY.

An ingenious young man who resided in one of the interior towns of Virginia, had been apprenticed to learn the art and mystery of shaving—not the purse, but the chin. As he grew up, his fine face and imposing stature, when observed by himself, through the medium of the mirror, created no unpleasant *reflections*, except those which arose from the regrets which he indulged on account of the defects of his education and his humble associations. This evil he hastened to remedy, and he took private lessons in various branches of learning, and in those accomplishments which are attractive, if not solid.

When Mr. Barbour, as this surgical gentleman was termed, had attained his majority, he opened a shop and commenced business on his own account; and in a brief period, by close application and great capability, acquired something like a surplus fund, which rendered him independent. His deportment was such as to command respect from those with whom he took freedoms, and whom he held by the nose.

Becoming ambitious to look into the higher circles, and learn how affairs were conducted in good society, Mr. Barbour commenced his travels northward, with the determination to sink the shop and suds for a short period, and pass himself off as a gentleman of leisure. It was at a period when stage coaches moved with gravity over rough roads, that this adventurer found himself seated in one of those excrutiating vehicles, between Baltimore and Philadelphia, by the side of a young gentleman of the latter place. The stage coach acquaintance between these travellers began in the usual passing remarks, such as, "a fine morning sir," or, "villainous roads, these, for a civilized country." The barber was from habit, if not constitutionally, social, and the travellers became extremely intimate before the journey was at an end.

The barber had spoken, incidentally, of passing some time in the city of Manhattan, where he said he should deliver his letters.

"You had better remain awhile with us in our city," said the Philadelphian, you will be pleased with the place and the society, I think."

"But my letters are all for New York," said the barber.

"That can make no difference," was the reply, "I will facilitate you with some introductions, and you may meet with acquaintances from your place."

"I hope not!" mentally exclaimed the adventurer, but he finally assented, and inquired which was the best hotel.

He was told that all were good, and remarkable for neatness and good tables; but for a gentleman of leisure, *Head's* might, perhaps be preferred; and the proprietor, being a polished gentleman, would be a desirable acquaintance. To this house, then the hero repaired.

When comfortably located, and he had given favorable impressions in the house by tasteful consumption of rich wines, in moderate quantity, he was visited by Mr. Jehu Forward, the fellow traveller.

"You must dine with me, my dear fellah," said the barber, with a listless yawn, "I am so lonely here."

At table a considerable display was made, in the way of wines, and effervescent poppings were cheering —This transaction led to a repayment of this first visit, and an invitation to a public party followed. The barber was much at ease, dressed to kill, and his redundant hair and whiskers were *shockingly* well combed. Having produced a tolerable sensation, the adventurer fell into a train of private parties, with more facility than could have been anticipated, which was all the result of accident.

For several weeks the barber met with none of his acquaintances from his native place; but while doing the exquisite in a cotillion, with a distinguished belle of the Penn city, he was discovered by a merchant of the village where he resided, and pointed out to her brother, as a barber, who had not been received into good society at home. The young gentleman hastened to draw her away from the assiduous beau. After he had explained to her the necessity of turning up her nose in disdain, whenever the barber should again approach her, he sought a private interview with the offender, and with the fierceness of shocked and resentful pride, the brother of the belle demanded of the stranger why, being a barber, as he had been informed he was, he dared to trifle with the elite of a great city.

"A Barbour I am," said he in reply, and if the Virginia family of Barbours are not fit associates for the elite of any city, no other family in the state can be."

The manly dignity assumed on this occasion was as conclusive as the expressions which were employed. The offended young gentleman was satisfied that some mistake existed in the communication of the merchant, and apologized accordingly. He even went so far as to present the stranger to his sister and desire her to treat Mr. Barbour with civility, as atonement for the inadvertant wrong done him. In the meantime the adventurer sought his neighbor and entreated him to desist from exposure, inasmuch as the honest purposes of his heart were only designed to enable him to reach, for a brief period, a share of high life; that he should commit no dishonest act; but being now sated with the vapid rounds of fashion, he would shortly depart homeward, and resume his razor, and content himself with wigs and scissors. The merchant was ever after silent, and abstained from exposure.

LAUGHED OUT OF IRELAND.

FROM THE CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

Travelling once in the coupé of a diligence, I directed my entire attention towards an Irish acquaintance, as well because of his singularity, as to avoid a little German in the opposite corner.

"You have been long in France, then, sir," said I, as we entered into conversation.

"Three weeks, and it seems like three years to me—nothing to eat—nothing to drink—and nobody to speak to. But I'll go back soon—I only came abroad for a month."

"You'll scarcely see much of the Continent in so short a time."

"Devil a much that will grieve me. I didn't come to see it."

"Indeed!"

"Nothing of the kind. I only came—to be away from home."

"Oh! I perceive."

"You're quite out there," said my companion, misinterpreting my meaning. "It wasn't any thing of that kind. I don't owe a sixpence. I was laughed out of Ireland—that's all, though that same is bad enough."

"Laughed out of it!"

"Just so—and little you know of Ireland if that surprises you."

After acknowledging that such an event was perfectly possible, from what I myself had seen in that country, I obtained the following very brief account of my companion's reasons for foreign travel:—

"Well, sir," began he, "it is about four months since I brought up to Dublin from Galway a little chesnut mare, with cropped ears and a short tail, square-jointed, and rather low—just what you'd call a smart hack for going to cover with—a lively thing on the road with a light weight. Nobody ever suspected that she was a clean bred thing—own sister to Jenny, that won the Corinthians, and ran second to Giles for the Riddlesworth—but so she was, and a better bred mare never leaped the pound in Ballinasloe. Well, I brought her to Dublin, and used to ride her out two or three times a week, making little matches sometimes to trot—and, for a thorough-bred, she was a clipper at trotting—to trot a mile or so on the grass—another day to gallop the length of the nine acres opposite the Lodge—and then sometimes to back her for a ten pound note to jump the biggest furze bush that could be found—all of which she could do with ease, nobody thinking, all the while, that the cock-tailed pony was out of Scroggins, by 'a Lamplighter mare.' As every fellow that was beat to-day was sure to come back to-morrow, with something better, either of his own or a friend's, I had matches booked for every day in the week—for I always made my little boy that rode, win by half a neck or a nostril, and so we kept on, day after day, pocketing from ten to thirty pounds or thereabouts.

"It was mighty pleasant while it lasted, for besides winning the money, I had my own fun laughing at the spoonies that never could book my bets fast enough—young infantry officers and the junior bar—they were, for the most part, mighty nice to look at, but very raw about racing. How long I might have gone on in this way I cannot say; but one morning I fell in with a fat, elderly gentleman, in shorts and gaiters, mounted on a dun cob pony, that was very fidgetty and hot tempered, and appeared to give the rider a great deal of uneasiness.

"'He's a spicy hack you're on, sir,' said I, 'and has a go in him, I'll be bound.'

"'I raythor think he has,' said the old gentleman, half testily.

"'And can trot a bit, too.'

"'Twelve Irish miles in fifty minutes, with my weight.' Here he looked down at a paunch like a sugar hogshead.

"'Maybe he's not bad across a country,' said I, rather to humor the old fellow, who, I saw, was proud of his pony.

"'I'd like to see his match, that's all.' Here he gave a rather contemptuous glance at my hack.

"Well, one word led to another, and it ended at last in our booking a match, with which one party was no less pleased than the other. It was this: each was to ride his own horse, starting from the school in the Park, round the Fifteen Acres, outside the Monument, and back to the start—just one heat, about a mile and a half—the ground good, and only soft enough. In consideration, however, of his greater weight, I was so give odds in the start; and as we could not well agree upon how much, it was at length decided that he was to get away first, and I to follow as fast as I could, after drinking a pewter quart full of Guinness's double stout—droll odds, you'll say, but it was the old fellow's own thought, and as the match was a *soft* one, I let him have his way.

"The next morning the Phœnix was crowded as if for a review. There were all the Dublin notorieties, swarming in barouches, and tilburies, and outside jaunting-cars—smart clerks in the post-office, mounted upon kicking devils from Dycer's and Lalouette's stables—attorney's wives and daughter's from York-street, and a stray doctor or so on a hack that looked as if he had been lectured on for the six winter months at the College of surgeons. My antagonist was half an hour late, which time I occupied in booking bets on every side of me—offering odds of ten, fifteen, and at last, to tempt the people, twenty-five to one against the dun. At last, the fat gentleman came up on a jaunting-car, followed by a groom leading the cob. I wish you heard the cheer that greeted him on his arrival, for it appeared he was a well-known character in town, and much in favor with the mob. When he got off the car, he bundled into a tent, followed by a few of his friends, where they remained for about five minutes, at the end of which he came out in full racing costume—blue and yellow striped jacket, and blue cap and leathers—looking as funny a figure as ever you set eyes upon. I now thought it time to throw off my white surtout, and show out in pink and orange, the colors I had been winning in for two months past. While some of the party were sent on to station themselves at different places round the Fifteen Acres, to mark out the course, my fat friend was assisted into the saddle, and gave a short preliminary gallop of a hundred yards or so, that set us all a-laughing. The odds were now fifty to one in my favor, and I gave them wherever I could find takers. 'With you, sir, if you please, in pounds, and the gentleman in the red whiskers, too, if he likes—very well, in half sovereigns, if you prefer it.' So I went on, betting on every side, till the bell rung to mount. As I knew I had plenty of time to spare, I took little notice, and merely giving a look to my girths, I continued leisurely booking my bets. At last the time came, and at the word 'Away,' off went the fat gentleman on the dun, at a spluttering gallop, that flung the mud on every side of us, and once more threw us all a-laughing. I waited patiently till he got near the upper end of the Park, taking bets every minute; and now that he was away, every one offered to wager. At last, when I let him get nearly half round, and found no more money could be had, I called out to his friends for the porter, and, throwing myself into the saddle, gathered up the reins in my hand. The crowd fell back off each side, while from the tent I have already mentioned out came a thin fellow, with one eye, with a pewter quart in his hand, : he lifted it up towards me, and I took it; but what was my fright to find that the porter was boiling, and the vessel so hot I could barely hold it. I endeavored to drink, however; the first mouthful took all the skin off my lips and tongue—the second half choked, and the third nearly threw me into an apoplectic fit—the mob cheering all the time like devils. Meantime, the old fellow had reached the furze, and was going along like fun. Again I tried the porter, and a fit of coughing came on that lasted five minutes. The pewter was now so hot that the edge of the quart took away a piece of my mouth at every effort. I ventured once more, and with the desperation of a madman I threw down the hot liquid to its last drop. My head reeled—my eyes glared—and my brain was on fire. I thought I beheld fifty fat gentlemen galloping on every side of me, and all the sky raining jackets of blue and yellow. Half mechanically I took the reins, and put spurs to my horse; but before I got well away, a loud cheer from the crowd assailed me. I turned, and saw the dun coming in at a floundering gallop, covered with foam, and so dead blown that neither himself nor the rider could have got twenty yards farther. The race was, however won.—My odds were lost to every man on the field, and, worse than all, I was so laughed at, that I could not venture out in the sheds, without hearing allusions to my misfortune.

The subjoined "squib" at a Baltimore lawyer is not bad:—

"Why is Mr. —— like necessity?"

D'ye give it up? "Because *he knows no law*."

Not Bad.—Pray, sir," asked a lady at a literary party the other evening, "what languages do you suppose are spoken in heaven?" "The *dead* languages, of course," replied a gentleman near her.

"United we stand, divided we fall"—as the types said to the compositor when they fell into *pi*. Printer's Devil.

"John!" said a jolly disciple of Bacchus to his servant—"John!" what makes my nose like *'The Spirit of the Times'*! D'ye give it up? Because it's *red* (read) all over to be sure!" Ib.

THE ACTRESS'S LEGACY.

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

I have the scene before me now! It is years since it took plaee, and yet I can recal its minutest features. I have seldom, even within the walls of a London theatre, seen so brilliant an assemblage as that which, in the fashionable town of B——, had gathered to witness the debut of the young and lovely actress, Harriet Elliott. I remember not only the circle of fair faces in the boxes, the suffocating crowd in the pit, the noisy gods in the gallery, but the episodical circumstances of the beautiful girl in the centre box, who wept so bitterly for the feigned sorrows of the heroine of the night; and the bald-headed critic in the pit, with his golden-headed cane and eye-glass, and the boisterous sailor, who, more than half-seas-over when he came in, was thrust out in the midst of a whirlwind of mingled execrations and sobs, elicited from him by the pathos of the mimic scene before him. And, above all, do I recal that lovely debutante, who came forward so timidly, and looked towards her audience with such an appealing, deprecating glance—then, gathering courage from the cheering reception she experienced, became at length so absorbed in her part, that her tears were real, and her impassioned earnestness unfeigned. The curtain fell amidst deafening plaudits, and the actress's triumphant success was acknowledged by all.

Beautiful Harriet Elliott! I know not in whose possession is the portrait of which I was the painter; the faint resemblance of her exceeding loveliness. It was easy to pourtray the white, spotless neck, the features, so delicate, yet so noble in their outline, the full, deep, speaking, blue eyes, the abundant waves of golden hair—the difficulty lay in the fluctuating expression of the countenance, the cheerful lights and shadows of thought, that flitted over it in the course of a single sitting. It was impossible to tell whether pathos or mirth was the predominant characteristic of her mind, so equally were they blended. In tragedy or comedy her success was the same. I have, in my long life, been acquainted with many of her profession, but I have never known any who seemed so completely fitted for it by nature as Harriet Elliott. During the few weeks that she remained at B—— I saw her frequently, and was sorry to observe that after the first pleasant excitation, caused by her success, had subsided, Miss Elliot was subject to occasional fits of dejection. It would have been impertinent to attempt to fathom their cause, but from a few words spoken sometimes to herself, rather than to me, I conjectured that she was of good family, that she had been strictly brought up, that Elliott was not her real name, and that she had most seriously disobliged her relatives by yielding to her uncontrollable inclination for the stage. I fancied, too, that the realities of her position were beginning to be apparent to her; that her lofty mind and fresh feelings were already wounded and distressed, by persons and things with which she was forced into contact; but still, her intense love for her art, and her cravings after excitement, were gratified, and she said she was happy. As surely as I left her one day in a melancholy mood, did I find her on the next in high, even wild spirits; with smiles on her lips, gladness in her eyes, and eloquent mirth on her tongue.

I can truly say, I was sorry when her portrait was finished, and I could find no further excuse to plead for one sitting more. Similarity of taste in many things, an equal love of the beautiful and romantic, and above all, the idea that some deep mystery hung over this enchanting creature, had made me feel deeply interested for her. She evidently saw and was grateful to me for that interest, and when we parted, our farewell was like that of old and tried friends.

She went to London, and I soon heard of her splendid successes on metropolitan boards; but circumstances kept me for some time in the country, and it happened that, when I returned to town, she was making the tour of the provincial theatres, so that years elapsed before I had an opportunity of seeing her again. During those years my interest in her had abated for many reasons. Rumors to her disadvantage, garnished with many mysterious dashes as asterisks, were current in the public prints—then came bolder assertions, and broader statements of facts. A common story of temptations yielded to, and character blasted for ever, had its common sequel—disagreement and desertion. I felt annoyed and mortified that I had been deceived in Miss Elliot. I felt some natural touches of sorrow on her own account, and then my kindly feelings towards her gradually died away, and I ceased to think of her with either interest or regret. In fact, I had almost forgotten her, when circumstances occurred to recal her to my memory, and rivet her there for ever.

It was eleven years since our parting at B—— before I again saw Harriet Elliot. I was at Paris, and she chanced to occupy apartments in the same hotel, with myself. The renewal of our acquaintance was not of my seeking; indeed, for reasons founded on the circumstances I have before hinted at, I was somewhat annoyed at the receipt of a billet, requesting me, as an old friend and countryman, to favor her with a visit. "Though eleven years have elapsed since we met," said the note, "I cannot bring myself to consider or address you as a stranger. If you possess the same benevolent spirit as formerly, (and from what I know of you it is not likely you will have lost it,) you will not refuse to grant me this request, when I tell you that I am ill and unhappy, and that you can be of service to me." I could not be insensible to such an appeal, and though I felt awkward and uncomfortable in the prospect of an interview, I returned an answer, purporting that I would wait upon her that evening.

My presentiment that our meeting would be a painful one, was amply fulfilled. If it had not been for the peculiarly sweet voice, which once heard was not easily forgotten, and the unchanged gracefulness of manner, for which she was remarkable, I should not, at first, have known Miss Elliot. She was very pale, and her fine form was reduced from its perfect symmetry to a pitiable thinness. Her rich tresses no longer flowed unrestrained, but were braided smoothly round her head, and evidently much decreased in luxuriance. Her dress, which formerly was adjusted so as to set off to the best advantage a remarkably beautiful bust, now consisted of a loose black silk wrapping gown, fastened closely at the throat, and utterly without ornament. Yet after the first few embarrassed minutes had passed, during which I was mentally comparing the brilliant debutante of B—— with the wasted and pallid being before me, I could not help thinking that for the thoughtful and intellectual, her face now possessed a more powerful charm than in the days of its more radiant loveliness. The lofty forehead, the full sweet blue eye, the majestic outline of the face were still unimpaired, and there was that dignified expression of unuttered sorrow pervading the countenance which is only produced by great mental suffering. Once or twice, indeed, during the evening, the color deepened in her cheek, and the smile flashed round her lips as it was wont to do, and placed the actress before me for a moment in the full glow of her early beauty.

Our conversation at first was entirely of past times, and old recollections, connected with B—— and its inhabitants. A cloud of deeper sadness stole over her face, as she contrasted her present lonely condition with the social pleasures of that long past time; for I should have mentioned that in the hey-day of her provincial fame, Miss Elliot had been noticed and received as a guest by many of the most fashionable families in B——. I marvelled how she could bear to speak of the contrast, for I felt that she must remember that her own unfortunate imprudence had exiled her from similar society for life.

My old feeling, *that there was a mystery about her*, returned with redoubled force. I puzzled myself to think how, according to the intimation in her note of that morning, I could be of service to her. She was evidently in no need of pecuniary aid; indeed, she spoke of having amassed sufficient property to supply all her wants. As I rose to take my leave, she rose also, and while the deepest crimson suffused her face, and as much of her slender throat as was visible, she begged me to remain a few moments.

"There is a subject on which I must speak to you, Mr. Ashley," said she, "and I have delayed it until the last, because I dread to touch, even in my own mind, on the bitter griefs with which it is connected. I *am dying*—do not start! I know and feel it at every moment, in every fibre of my frame. It is not that which moves me; but there are those still living who believe—oh, I cannot tell you *half* the bitter things that are written against me in the hearts of those who once loved me, and which you may be the agent to lessen if you cannot quite efface them. Sinful I have been, very sinful, but not wilfully so. There is one deep event against me, and yet it was love for *her*, deep, dear love that did it all. Oh, Amy, Amy! my sweet, sweet sister—surely her blood is on my head!"

A violent and hysterical fit of weeping succeeded these exclamations. I found that to attempt to soothe her at present was impossible; and I judged that it was better to let her sorrow have its way. The paroxysm passed, she dashed the tears from her eyes, and spoke more calmly.

"I must make my request while I have opportunity; I have told you I am dying—will you be my executor? I tell you before hand you will have no pleasant task, but I can rely on you more than any one, and if you deny me I shall go to my grave with a load of obloquy on my memory which none may brighten or palliate—will you grant my prayer?"

It may be supposed that my situation was far from an enviable one. My impression was, that affliction had disordered the poor lady's intellect, yet I knew not how to refuse. Besides if my conjecture were well founded I felt that opposition would be a likely means of increasing her malady. I consented therefore, and her gratitude seemed unbounded. We parted, as it proved, never to imeet again. During the three succeeding days she was too unwell, or too unwilling to renew our painful interview, to receive me; and on the fourth morning I left Paris, having first conveyed to her an address in London, which would be sure to find me.

Some months afterwards I received a letter from the master of the —— hotel at Dover, stating that Miss Elliot had arrived there the preceding day, intending to proceed to town, but that she had become suddenly worse, and finding herself so, had begged I might be informed of her condition. I lost no time in setting out to see her, but before I reached Dover the curtain had fallen for ever on her sorrows and her sufferings. I found her will directed to me as her executor. It was a strange document, principally full of directions respecting her funeral, which was to be as private as possible in some country church-yard—her grave was to be covered with simple sod, and no stone was to be placed on or near it. Part of her property was to endow an alms-house for superannuated actresses; and one thousand pounds were to be devoted to erecting a monument to the memory of her "beloved sister Amy, who lies buried in L—— church." Five hundred pounds was bequeathed me, as her dear friend, Edmond Ashley, whose sympathy in her early joy and after sorsow seemed to her to be more real than any other person's. Besides this, I was to have her manuscripts, which were rather numerous, consisting of letters, poetry, and essays of her own composing. Especial reference was made to one parcel of them, containing a memoir of herself. She wished me to read it, and transmit a copy of it to her brothers, "that they may learn to pity while they blame, and look on the motives as well as the actions of their unhappy sister." The document was signed, not Harriot Elliot, but Harriet L——, a name which startled me, for I knew it to be borne by an ancient and honorable family in the county of H——.

The tasks thus imposed on me I religiously performed, and the subjoined memoir is given in the actress's own words, with the omission of some few passages relating solely to affairs which could be of no general interest. The story is certainly a singular one, and I have thought it worthy of publication as a new chapter in the strange book of human life.

I am the eldest sister of the present representative of the L—— family, whose estates are situated in the fair county of H——. My childhood was passed in a venerable mansion, magnificent alike in its architecture and its furniture. My earliest recollections are connected with stately apartments, where the rich, but somewhat sombre decorations, accorded well with the massive style of the building; with long matted corridors, where the dim light stole through narrow windows of richly painted glass; with silent orderly domestics, who glided through the vast apartments like shadows. I remember occasional festivities, which seemed more like the celebrations of deep solemnities: they created no bustle, they brought no gaiety within our walls. The preparations for the reception of guests were made as noiselessly as possible; and the only sign of their existence was, that there was greater importance than usual in the countenances of the servants, and that the children of the house, myself of course included, were forbidden more peremptorily to play or laugh within hearing of the state apartments.

My father's ancestors received their estate from Oliver Cromwell, as the reward of services performed in behalf of the Commonwealth. The Hall had formerly been the dwelling of some jovial Cavalier, but from the first residence of the L—— family within its precincts, the sounds of mirth and jollity had been banished as something criminal. The grave and saturnine spirit of Richard L——, the founder of our race, appeared to have descended as an heir loom from parent to son; and my father seemed to resolve that it should not be undisplayed by him. Indeed he was, if possible, sterner in his temper, and narrower in his views, than his predecessors; and the more so, that his children, especially myself, showed signs of a lighter and gayer disposition than he was inclined to approve of. Am I wrong in attributing many of my after miseries to the "rude will" to which I was subject in my early years?

My mother was the daughter of a noble family, a woman possessed of great beauty and extraordinary sweetness of disposition; but her very gentleness was a misfortune for children circumstanced as we were. She saw that we had free, glad, happy natures; she saw that we required careful and kindly training, that stern commands and harsh reproofs, had an evil influence on our minds. But she was delicate in health, and somewhat indolent in her temper, and ever accustomed to be yield implicit obedience to her husband's will; she allowed usto overtasked, and kept in a atate of slavish subjection; while she contented herself with passive regrets and unavailing wishes.

I have said I was the eldest of the family. Three brothers followed next, and then one bright creature of my own sex. Amy! my sister Amy! would to God *thou* hadst never been born!

But of her I have not yet to speak, let me put off the evil hour as long as I may, and recount some of the incidents of my girlhood.

I said my paternal dwelling was a noble one, and I said truly. It was situated in one of the loveliest districts of our lovely country, and commanded the admiration of all who beheld it. The mansion was sheltered on three sides by fine woods of oak, the broad close shaven lawn sloped gently down in front to the side of a fine river, whose waveless stream flowed silently on, a gliding sheet of silver. Two Gothic bridges, so placed at either side of the lawn as not to interrupt the view from the house, formed passages into an extensive park, which, with its wide green glades, its hillocks and hollows, its clumps of hawthorns and beeches, and its herds of deer lay on the other side of the river. How I loved to haunt the wild copses and winding paths of that park, whenever I could elude the vigilance of my nurse and governess! How delicious it was to contrast its woods and dingles with the stately terraces, and formal grave

walks in the quaint, neatly kept gardens, where it was my father's pleasure that our sole exercise should be taken!

I remember one *escapade* of the kind, in which my eldest brother and myself were partners, which deserves particular mention.

It had been a fine autumn day, and we had planned, or rather I had proposed, that we should, if possible, steal away into the park, to enjoy a ramble amidst its copses, and a treat of the nuts and blackberries with which we knew they abounded. But the evening was almost down before we could execute our scheme; and shall I ever forget the light, swift steps, with which we flew through the oak wood and over the bridge; and the shout of mutual congratulation in which we indulged, when we found ourselves fairly out of sight and hearing of the house. We thought nothing about the punishment which might follow, the present delight was enough for us. We filled our little baskets with nuts and blackberries, we plunged through the briers, and scrambled among the bushes, with an utter disregard of our garments or our skins; and were only stopped in our career of mirth by a sudden conviction of the lateness of the hour, announced by the rapidly fading light and the falling of the dew. We prepared to return home, and began to need the comfort of a hope that our absence might have been unobserved; but presently we heard our names loudly vociferated, and were certain fom the sound of distant voices that search was making after us. We crept into the darkest part of a thicket, where we had seen a large hollow tree, into which I thrust my brother, crouching myself at his feet and triumphing in the idea that we were safe from discovery---even so it proved. The searchers, who I knew by their voices to be two of the domestics, passed quite close to our retreat without observing us, and we could gather from their conversation my father was greatly displeased at our unauthorised absence. My brother plucked me by the sleeve, and whispered that we had better surrender at once; but my proud spirit could not brook the idea to be taken home like a culprit, and I refused to do so. But when a silence of some time assured us that the servants had returned from their fruitless errand, we left our hiding place and hastened towards home. What was our consternation on reaching the bridge, to find the gate, which we had not remembered was always fastened at night, already locked against us! In extreme perplexity we ran to the other, and found that also fast. We could not climb over them, for they were defended along the top with sharp iron spikes, and the distance to the house was so great, that, if we had dared to call aloud, no one could have heard us. We were exceedingly terrified, for, brought up as we had been, our situation was of course an unusual one, and the night was fast closing in. The woods rested in impenetrable looking masses against the cold grey sky. The old dark mansion was only distinguishable on account of a few lights in the lower windows; and the river lying broad and bright before us, seemed to be the only object to which light yet clung in all the broad, shadowy landscape.

There was no resource left us but to cross the park and getting into the high road to make the best of our way round to the back of the premises. Away we went, too much frightened to communicate to each other the apprehensions that were pressing on our minds. How different the scenery looked to what it was in the cheerful sunshine! Then every long dell, and fantastically shaped tree, seemed full of beauty and delight: now, we perpetually started, as shapes, indistinctly seen in the gloom, gave rise to a thousand nameless terrors. I am not naturally timid, but I remember well that night's progress through the park was one long paroxysm of deadly fear. I durst not speak to Wilfred, who was as full of nervous agony as myself, and we fled on as if some frightful demon were pursuing us. At last we reached the nearest gate, which lay more than a mile from the bridges, and finding it likewise fast, we clambered over it, and landed safely in the road. In half an hour more we reached the large folding doors which shut in that part of the demesne in which the stables were placed, and there we stood trembling, without sufficient courage to demand admission. However, I ventured to give the bell a gentle pull, which scarcely elicited a tinkle, but that was sufficient to set all the dogs of the establishment in a chorus of barking and yelping. A servant appeared, and we were conducted up the back stairs to our apartments, where our attendant, grumbling at having had to wait for us, sent us *sans ceremonie* to our beds. Morning came, we dressed and breakfasted as usual: nobody said a word to us on our last night's adventure, but we felt there was something ominous in the silence. Our usual lessons were given us and performed, and we began to hope that no notice was to be taken of the affair, when we were summoned to attend my father in the breakfast room. Very reluctantly we obeyed, and found him sitting with a newspaper in his hand, stiff, grave, and cold, as usual. He did not deign any reply to our respectful salutations, but came at once to the matter in hand.

"I am sorry," he said, "that in one day two of my children should have ventured to disobey me. I can easily believe that the evil councils of the elder influenced the younger, but this is no excuse. I shall on this occasion inflict no punishment beyond that which your own fears have already given you; but, I desire you both to take notice of two things: whoever again breaks the bounds which I require to be kept, shall be severely chastised, and whoever again remains outside my gates, after the hour of shutting them is past, without my permission for doing so, shall never re-enter them while I live."

There was a stern deliberation in my father's manner that convinced us he was perfectly in earnest. We were awed by the terrible importance which he seemed to attach to our childish frolic, and we retired downcast and silent from his presence.

This adventure made a deep impression upon me at the time, and the after circumstances of my life compel me to recall it vividly to my mind.

There was one source of amusement within my reach that was not *tabooed*, and which I was permitted to indulge in at all leisure times. The immense library was open to me, with all its treasures, "immortal as the minds that gave them birth." Had my father been aware of the contents of many of the books which I had there an opportunity of reading, I imagine my access to that enchanted region would have been less easy; but his own studies were confined to a few dozen volumes of history, science, and controversial divinity; and he seldom deigned even to look into the huge packages of new publications which reached us quarterly from London. His bookseller there had general orders to forward every new work of any interest, for our ancestors had purchased and preserved all the books of their several times that were worth preserving; and my father did not wish to transmit the series to his successor in an incomplete state. But to him they were of little use, and he never examined their contents, except especially recommended to do so by some friend whose judgment he valued because it accorded with his own. He converted the breakfast room into a study and seldom came into the library, so that I looked upon the latter as in some degree my own apartment. It was a long narrow room, the walls crowded with book-cases, quaintly decorated with carvings in oak and ebony.—It was lit by narrow Gothic windows, and besides its books contained a cabinet filled with coins, shells, stuffed birds, and other curiosities; a pair of fine globes, a few choice paintings, and some strange looking chairs and tables. It was less handsomely furnished than any other room in the house, and yet to me it was the most attractive. I had caused some green-house plants to be placed in the windows, brought thither my working materials, and drawing instruments, and hung my pet canary's cage from the roof. The great drawback to my hours of enjoyment within its precincts was, that I had no one to whom I could say "how delightful," for I am not naturally a solitary, but a most sociable being. My infant sister was too young, and my brothers kept too close to their studies for much companionship with them. But I have some bright visions still of happy winter afternoons, when a rare half holiday was granted to the younger ones, and we five gathered in the library with a wood fire blazing in the wide chimney, and a crimson velvet screen drawn up behind us to shut out the vastness of the apartment. And those three brothers drew closer and closer to me, and little Amy, as she sat on my knee, with her innocent arm around my neck, would fix her clear eyes wonderingly on my face, all, all breathless with interest, as I told, in glowing language, and with exaggerated marvels, some tale of faery or goblin which I had gathered from the volumes around us. How delighted was I as they hung on my words! How proud I felt of the power to command that mute attention, to fix their whole senses by my eloquence! Surely the seeds of my future destiny were sowing even then.

My mother died, calmly and peacefully as she had lived. Her constitution had been always delicate, and for the last twelve months of her life had been slowly and painlessly wasting away. We sorrowed as children needs must sorrow who lose a kind and gentle parent; but not with the wild affliction, and sense of irreparable loss, which might have been ours had she taken a more active part in our behalf; or admitted us more deeply into her confidence and sympathy. She was kind to us as far as she was allowed to be so, and we never heard a harsh or peevish expression from her beautiful lips, but she was utterly under my father's control in all things; and her death was more like the taking away of a fair and fragrant flower, than the uprooting of a noble and sheltering tree.

A few months passed by, and then came the period which I shall ever regard as the turning point in my destiny. My father was alarmed about a slight, but obstinate inflamation in one of my eyes; for, notwithstanding his gloomy temper and apparent indifference to outward show, he was at heart proud of the personal appearance of his children. His presence was required in London to transact some urgent business, and he took me with him that I might benefit by the advice of the first oculists of the day. He purposed staying at an hotelh so that I might not be in any degree exposed to the contaminations of London life, but his sister, the Lady M—— discovered us in our retreat, and by entreaties, first playfully urged, and latterly enforced even with tears, induced him at last reluctantly to consent that her house should be our home during the remainder of our stay in the metropolis.

I had never before seen this near relative, and at our very first interview I was enchanted with her. Her features had all the stately outline and perfect symmetry of my father's, but there the likeness between them ceased. Her manner was full of kindness and warmth, she seemed to delight in making every creature near her happy, and elegance pervaded every thing she said or did. There might be some policy in the extreme indulgence with which she regarded every one, but it was a very pleasant policy for those about her. She seemed made to win the admiration of all hearts, and I easily discovered why she had never appeared at L—— Park, why letters and tokens of regard had passed so seldom between herself and her brother. Her presence would have accorded ill with our dull formal home, her gay conversation would have been deemed a dangerous snare to a maiden brought up as I had been.

I was too young to accompany Lady M—— in her visits, even had I been permitted to do so; but almost every evening I beheld her dressed in splendid attire, and radiant with smiles, departing to some scene of festivity, and even that was sufficient to unsettle my pre-conceived notions of worldly happiness. My thoughts would trace her to the halls of gaiety where a hundred hearts would beat with delight in her presence; where her beauty and her fashion rendered her the most conspicuous of the throng. Her respect for my father's prejudices, however, prevented her from permitting similar gaieties under her own roof during our sojourn there. Two or three stately dinner parties, at which the company consisted almost entirely of old friends of our family, formed the limit of our dissipation.

Days and weeks passed away, and my father evidently was impatient for us to be gone, but the disease in my eye appeared more stubborn than we had anticipated; and the oculist declared that another fortnight must pass ere he could ascertain the success of his experiments. Lady M——begged that I might be left under her care, but this proposal was not likely to be acceded to. But imperative business called my father a few miles into the country, and he announced to us that he must be absent three whole days, during which time he trusted I would conduct myself as an obedient daughter, and that his sister would prove a faithful guardian. The words fell lightly on my ear, used as I was to solemn adjurations and injunctions about the meanest trifles, and Lady M—— laughed outright as soon as the door had closed behind him.

"I wish I could take you to a ball to-night, Harriet," said my aunt, "but that is impossible, because the matter might be talked about, and your father is so odd there is no saying how he would take it. But I am determined to give you the next best treat in my power: to-night we will visit Drury-lane Theatre, it is a positive sin to keep you in London so long and let you see nothing."

And to the theatre we went—the place that had never been named in my home without shudderings of virtuous horror. How shall I describe the new existence that opened for me upon that evening! How shall I tell the new feelings that swept over my heart, the new powers that seemed to awaken within me! The glorious language of Shakspeare was familiar to my thoughts, but here I saw his creations embodied, his dreams placed palpably before my eyes. From the moment the performance began—I forgot my own identity—I was irresistibly borne away in the current of events that seemed passing before me, and my burst of anguished weeping at the catastrophe was so violent, that Lady M—— hurried me away, ashamed even while she was amused at that display of feeling,—There was no sleep for me that night, I was far too much excited to yield to its influence. How I envied the great actress whose power over my passions had been so entire! How earnestly I longed to exercise a similar sway over a hushed and listening crowd of my fellow-beings.

* * * * *

We returned to the country, and a darker shadow of discontent came over my mind as I trod the stately chambers again, or sat in the large library of L—— Hall. I now seized every opportunity of reading newspapers, in which I had formerly taken no interest, but only one column attracted me, and that was headed "Theatrical Intelligence." The name of the actress who had so delighted me appeared again and again, connected with the highest encomiums, and not unfrequently associated with the names of the noblest and fairest in the land, who admitted her to their most select assemblies.—Oh! how much higher a destiny than mine did hers appear—how enviable her position—how glorious her fame!

A plan suggested itself to my mind, so daring, that, at first, I hardly ventured to think of it; and yet, in spite of myself, it would arise in my thoughts until I learned to cherish and dwell upon it as a favorite idea. It seemed to promise much—deliverance from the paternal rule that had long since grown a heavy thraldom, the gratification of my own strong inclinations, fame, and a place amongst the great and the gay. In my ignorance of the world I never once thought of the difference in rank between myself and the gifted lady, who I was resolved to make my model. I did not reflect, that while to *her* it was honorable that high talents and unblemished character, should have raised her in the scale of society, to me, who might claim a similar place there as my birthright, a connection with the theatre *must* be degrading. I calculated nothing for my youth and inexperience, for the dangers to which I might be exposed, the sorrow I should bring upon my friends, the possible failure that might await me. In my fervent ignorance my imagination over-leaped all these things, and I saw myself arrived at once at the goal of success and honor.

The disorder in my eye had been entirely removed by the skilful treatment it received in London, and I looked in the mirror, for the first time, with a conscious thrill of delight; for I felt that my personal attractions were not inferior to hers who had excited my emulation. My brothers were under the care of a tutor who was a first-rate elocutionist, for my father was ambitious that one or other of his sons should adorn the senate. My request to share their lessons was readily complied with, and my vanity was elated by the compliments which were bestowed on my rapid improvement. Scenes from Shakspeare were frequently selected as exercises, and a casual remark of our instructor "that I should have made a splendid actress," flattered me exceedingly. I was impatient for the time when I should be able to emancipate myself from my joyless prison, for such my home now appeared to me, and escaping into the free air, soar at once towards fame and fortune.

I made no confidante, for I had a lurking feeling that even my aunt, Lady M ——, would oppose so bold a scheme; and I determined that its discovery and my success should be simultaneous. I had a handsome allowance for clothes and pocket money, and for this, in due time, I saved a sum sufficient as I supposed, to support me until my genius should obtain its share of substantial rewards. I contrived to get a few indispensible articles of dress conveyed to the next town, and very early one summer morning I found myself on the high road, with fifty pounds and a few jewels in my possession, and the wide world "all before me where to choose." The London Coach coming up I got into it, inquired for my bundle of clothes at our first stopping place, where under a feigned name, I had directed it to be left till called for, and presently was rolling away towards the metropolis, a wilful outcast from the home of my childhood. Some natural regrets arose in my heart, but my independent spirit had chose its course too boldly to allow me to indulge them, and away I went without the remotest idea of the weight of my offence, or the bitterness of its after effects.

There was only one other passenger in the coach—a middle-aged man, of benevolent aspect, and remarkably pleasing address. The tears, which found their way in my efforts to repress them, as I caught the last glimpse of the moving woods that surrounded L—— Hall, afforded him an opportunity of expressing regret that so young a person should have cause for sorrow. Seeing that my emotion was increased by his observation, he thus continued—

"Excuse me, young lady, for saying so much, for I cannot help thinking there is something peculiar in your situation. It is not very common for females so youthful and so beautiful to be waiting alone in the high road, at five in the morning, for the chance of being picked up by a stage coach. I am sure you are respectable, and I confess you have interested me. I mean no impertinence; but if the motive of your journey be no great secret, perhaps you would not object to mention it."

Had I known more of the world I should, in all likelihood, have withheld such information from an entire stranger; but in this instance my simplicity did me good service, and, with small persuasion, I confided to him my history, merely withholding my name. He shook his head when I concluded.

"London! my poor lassie," said he. "*You* to appear on a London stage! Have you any letters to the managers—any friends at court—any introductions in fact?"

I confessed I was unprovided with any.

"And you are doing all this without the sanction of your friends? I cannot help plainly telling you that you are very silly and very wrong. Take the advice of one who has trodden the boards these thirty years, and with tolerable success too. Go back from the next town we stop at, make your peace with your friends, and be thankful you are prevented from going on in the road to ruin. Believe me you had better spend your life in stitching wristbands, at three-pence a-day, than venture your health, peace, and happiness in the atmosphere of a London theatrical life."

In one moment I felt inclined to take my new friend's advice, and return home, for his words had opened to my mind new and terrible glimpses of things which had never before intruded on my golden visions. Then the recollections of my father's stern and inflexible temper, and the tenfold suffering that would be my portion, even if he received me back to his protection, rose before me in such dark array, that I felt I could never encounter the alternative—that my only course was to proceed.

It would occupy too much time to enter into a detailed account of the remainder of my journey. We reached London the following morning; and my kind friend, for such he afterwards proved, did not leave me till he had conducted me to a decent lodging. Very narrow and dingy it looked, indeed, after the splendour of L—— Park; but I comforted myself that my residence there would be short, as I need only remain till I had time to find a pleasanter one. I had no idea of the value of money, and looked on my little fund as inexhaustible. The next morning my travelling companion, Mr. B——, called, accompanied by his wife, a very pleasing and lady-like woman. After a little conversation he produced a newspaper, containing an account of my elopement. It was evident that my destination or object in quitting my home were not guessed, and the concluding paragraph stated that, though my friends were greatly distressed at my disappearance, my father had forbidden any steps being taken towards my recovery.

"But not doubting your willingness to return, and your father's to receive you by this time," said Mr. B——, "I have taken upon me to write to him myself, assuring him of your safety, representing your *escapade* as a piece of childish folly, and requesting to know his pleasure concerning you."

I was angry and alarmed at this interference. I began to fear that I might possibly be recalled. I shrunk from the thought of such an event more than ever; and I assured Mr. B—— that I had neither wish or intention to return to my friends. He blamed me much—told me my conduct was equally foolish and wicked, and we parted on no very good terms.

A few days passed over in mingled hope and fear, during which I saw nothing of Mr. and Mrs. B——. At the end of the week, however, they called, and, without alluding to the unpleasantness of our last meeting, spoke kindly and affectionately to me. At last Mr. B—— said that he was now willing to aver that I knew my father better than he had supposed I did, for that he had received a letter from him that morning, which he must say he could not have supposed a parent would indite; and, so saying, he produced it. It was written in my father's stiffest hand, and sealed with his largest seal. It was short, stern, and decisive. "Miss L—— had pleased herself," it said, "and in so doing had rejected his authority for ever. She might remember that he had told her, years since, that whoever permitted his gates to be closed on them for one night should never, with his leave, re-enter them. He disowned her, as she had forsaken him, and should no longer regard her as a daughter. Her clothes and books should be forwarded for her to Mr. B——'s care." It was strange that I should have felt astonished on reading this letter. I *thought* I expected it—I fancied I was prepared for it; but now that my conjectures were realized, I was filled with conflicting feelings. There was something inexpressibly dreadful in this open sundering of old ties and claims. It seemed as if the earth had broken up around me, and left me the solitary occupant of a point, with a precipice on every side. I had anticipated my father's conduct, but not my own feelings on the occasion. I began already to repent of my folly; and with bitter tears observed that I did so. But repentance came too late, and my hopes and aspirations revived when I heard the very favorable opinions expressed by the B——'s of my dramatic talents. They advised, however, that I should not in the first instance hazard an appearance in London, but make my *debut* in some country theatre, where I could with more freedom make a trial of my powers. I was also advised to assume the name of Elliot, and under this *alias* I was introduced to the public. You, my dear and kind friend, were present on that occasion, and you know its triumphant results. Alas! that I should have lived to regret my popularity!

How shall I fill up the darker and sudden shades in this picture of my life? How shall I tell of the feverish excitement, the passion, the madness which followed my London engagment? I was pre-eminently successful, and was at once exalted to the highest pinnacle of celebrity, petted, flattered, followed. My real name and rank were never suspected, for the story of the runaway Miss L—— was forgotten in the fashionable world, and Lady M——, who might by chance have seen me, and discovered my secret, was absent on the continent. The patronage of the B——'s was a sufficient warrant for the respectability of my character; and I was received and made much of in those charmed circles, which pride themselves on their exclusiveness. In short, I was the fashion—fetes were given in my honor, and head-dresses were called after my name, countesses courted my acquaintance, and earls bowed down before me. Nay, believe it or not; but I solemnly declare that more than one coronet was laid at my feet, and that one of the wealthiest commoners in England would fain have made me the sharer of his fortunes. But I refused them all; refused to leave my life of toil, and its precarious brilliancy, and take my proud place amongst the matronage of the land, because I loved another, and that other how unworthy!

Captain Hereford was the only son of a baronet, far advanced in years, and possessed of immense wealth. But it was not the mere prospect of his succession to an honorable title and large estates that weighed with me in my preference for him—preference! it is a cold word! Had he been the poorest and lowliest born amongst those who sought my love, I feel assured he would still have been the object of the intense soul-engrossing passion that took possession of my heart. Impetuous and impatient of restraint as I was by nature, I knew no measure in my feelings towards him, and his love seemed to equal (it could not *exceed*) my own. Bnt unlike the others, whose hearts had been subdued by my attractions, he wooed me secretly; and yielding to his entreaties, I consented that our engagement should remain concealed until circumstances should permit him to claim me openly. Unsatisfied, however, with my promise to be his, and his alone, he at length prevailed on me to consent to a private marriage. His visits to me were remarked and commented upon; my friend, Mrs. B., remonstrated with me: but feeling my true position, and bound by a solemn vow not to reveal it, I replied in a manner that grieved or offended her, and the oldest and kindest of my theatrical friends abandoned me to my fate, as one whose blemished reputation would not permit them to hold further intercourse with her. Desolate and unhappy as I felt, it was no hard task for Captain Hereford to induce me to remove to his lodgings, and thus break the last link between myself and the virtuous of my own sex. But all this was dust in the balance compared with the blessedness of being continually with Hereford, of feeling that whatever cloud might, for the present, ovorshadow my fame, the day would soon come when it would pass away, of believing that we were united beyond the power of man to separate us. I cared not for the slights of former friends, for the exultation of rivals and enemies; *my world* was beside me; the being of my choice, the husband of my heart. He heaped upon me jewels and splendid dresses, and all the toys and baubles that are supposed to be precious in the eyes of woman. To me, their chiefest value was, that they were *his* gifts; my only pleasure in displaying them was because it was his will that I should do so. Yes; for the six months, during which calumny and malice were wreaking their bitterest rage upon me, with but one being to love, and he the one for whose sake my name was blackened and my conduct reviled; for that six months I was so intensely happy that I question if the fairest and proudest bride in the land, courted by all, and surrounded with admiring friends and approving relatives, could have matched her happiness with mine.

Mine is a wretched history. I sicken even now to recal the events that followed that delirious dream of joys. First came unfounded jealousy *or its appearance*, then mutual reproaches and upbraidings laid the foundations of a violent quarrel, which terminated in the desertion of Hereford; for such it proved, though he professed to proceed on business to the continent. Still I knew not the extent of my misery; still I believed myself his wedded wife; but I forbore to proclaim the truth; for I could not bear the thought of injuring him. And I hoped that when the necessity for secresy ceased to exist, and I was permitted to acknowledge myself his wife, we should meet again and yet be happy. Weeks and months passed by, and I heard nothing of Hereford; and still no change took place in my circumstances. I lived in the strictest seclusion, for I determined that *he* should have no cause of complaint against me, and I conducted myself with a propriety which astonished every one, and which my peculiar case rendered it extremely difficult for me to observe. I was at first persecuted with letters containing offers to which I can only allude, but sufficiently tempting to one in my supposed situation. The first of these I rejected indignantly, the rest I treated with silent contempt. Though Hereford had forsaken me, he had not left me without such a provision as added to the fruit of my own exertions, was more than sufficient for my every want. Life seemed stripped of its fairy hues and ecstatic bliss; yet I sorrowed not as one who has no hope; for I trusted that time might yet restore my name, fame, and much, if not all, the happiness that I had lost. I was calm and hopeful, for I knew not the extent of my desolation.

I was startled from this inactivity of feeling by the news of my father's death. He had left an immense property behind him, independent of the family estates, and this I understood was divided between his two younger sons and his only surviving daughter, Amy. So I was told the will was worded, and he must have thought *me* dead, or wished that the world should think so.

I was seized with a feverish desire to re-visit my old home. My father had vowed I should re-enter it no more; but it was his no longer, and I resolved, that come what might, I would see it again. "But *they* shall not know me," I thought in the bitterness of my heart; "at present I could only bring distress and disgrace upon them. Nevertheless I will look on my birthplace; and the day may yet come when I shall return there proudly with a vindicated fame, and a joyous heart."

Seven years had passed since I left that well-known mansion; and now I stood within sight of it again, so disguised by a deep mourning dress, and so altered by anxiety and sorrow, that there was little chance of my being recognised. I stood amidst the trees, of which every bough was familiar to me; I opened the wicket that I had unlatched with such a trembling hand seven years before; there was the green path where my elastic step had scarcely marked the dew on the morning of my flight; and my life ever since that morning seemed a dream. A sudden conviction of the reality of the past darted over my mind. Surely I had only just stolen out through the library window to muse under the old oaks, the oaks that looked as if not a leaf had fallen since I left them. I sat down and wept such a flood of bitter, burning tears, as surely never can burst from the heart more than once in a life time!

I was startled by the light touch of a hand on my shoulder; I looked up and

beheld a form and face, the very image of what mine had been seven years before. I was puzzled about my own identity; I felt for a moment as if reason were forsaking me. But a sweet soothing voice spoke gently to me, and inquired what ailed me, and why I wept so sadly. I murmured that I was a stranger, an unhappy stranger, and that overcome by fatigue and sorrow, I had sat down to rest, and I prayed pardon for my intrusion. Oh, how I longed in that hour to fall on her neck and make myself known, like the exiled patriarch of old; for I felt that lovely being was my own only sister Amy. But I forebore; I remembered my resolution, and I resisted the entreaties of that dear sister, that I would come into the house and rest and take refreshment. I *did* suppress the words of love and agony that were rising to my lips, I bade my throbbing heart be still, and bowing deeply I withdrew from her presence without daring to look back upon her.

The next day I was again in London, and the following upon a bed of sickness, from which I did not arise for weeks. Reason had totally deserted me, and I raved of L—— Hall and my beautiful sister incessantly. I recovered very slowly. I left town and took up my temporary abode in a quiet village on the southern coast. Health and strength gradually returned; and I was enabled to amuse myself by reading and working alternately. One day I chanced to take up a newspaper which accidentally came in my way; and the very first paragraph that met my eyes made my heart stand still, and filled me with unutterable consternation. It stated that "the gallant and accomplished Captain Hereford, only son of Charles Hereford, of Hereford House, was shortly to lead to the altar Mis L——, the only daughter of the late George L——, Esq., of L—— Park." The agony, the measureless horror that rushed over my mind I cannot describe. I looked at the date of the paper; it was more than a fortnight old; what if the intelligence had come too late! One thing alone seemed clear to me; an effort must be made for my sister's preservation. In an hour I was on the road to L——.

There were sounds of rejoicing and signs of festivity in my native village, as my carriage with its foaming horses rattled through the narrow straggling street. There were flags displayed from the windows, and groups of people in their holiday apparel were thronging to the green, where was stationed a band of music. But I paused not to inquire the meaning of these indications. I ordered the postillion to drive on to L—— Park; and as we entered the grounds I saw that the road to the house was thronged with carriages. I sprung from the chaise in desperation, rushed past the crowd and up the steps, and confronted Hereford in the very act of bearing away his bride from the farewell embraces of her friends. "Stay, stay," I cried wildly; "Amy, my sister Amy! I am his wife, his own wife, he cannot deny it, he cannot marry another." I could utter no more, but sank insensible at their feet.

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And this was my doing! From the window of my chamber on the day after my consciousness returned, I saw the long, mournful procession, and the white plumed hearse that bore to the tomb of our fathers, her who had been so lovely and beloved, who but for me and my early follies and later rashness might have been still living, a happy wife, and who might by God's blessing, have been made in time the honoured instrument to win a sinner from the error of his ways. It was I who had stayed for ever the beatings of that happy heart, who had quenched the light in those smiling eyes. Well, she was at rest. She never knew the witherings of slow, wasting anguish, the gradual dispersing of her dream of bliss. Her sorrow was heavy, but it was brief; I, her sister, had broken her heart, and wherefore? To prove myself in truth the vile being that the world had called me; to find that I had no legal right to the name of wife; that I had been deceived, and cheated, and betrayed. The marriage that had been imposed on my ignorance was an illegal one; I was not even believed when I asserted that I had been fully persuaded of its validity; and I found myself stripped of my last hope and consolation, and rejected and disowned on every side.

Once more I left the home of my childhood, an outcast and a wanderer. I chose the continent as a residence; for there I had less chance of encountering those who had known me in former days than in my own country. But my strength is rapidly failing, and I know that my release is drawing nigh. To-night I rest at Calais, to-morrow I shall return to England, for I feel that it will be a consolation to think that my ashes shall sleep amongst English dust. To you, kind friend, I consign this record of my sorrows and sins. I attempt no excuse, I plead but little palliation; and yet I trust to be gently judged by those who read these pages. I have sinned heavily, and I have suffered sorely. It is just and right that it should be so! Dublin University Magazine.

PUBLIC DINNERS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

"Bare imagination of a feast."—SHAKSPEARE.

In the lowest deep there is a lower deep. The discovery, though of diabolical origin, is not unproductive of consolation to mortals in their misery. We eat our overdone haunch with a lightened sense of the grievous burning, if news be brought that a friend's house is on fire. The holder of fifty shares in a Short-road-to-ruin Company deems himself a lucky man—his neighbor holds five hundred. He that is going to be hanged has his comfort—he might have been sent to the penal settlements. Deep is the wail and sharp the suffering of the widower; but he might have been worse off, for there was a chance of the patient's recovery.

The man who has no dinner is truly in a grievous plight; but his distress might have been aggravated. He has a pang less to endure than the man who, having no dinner to eat, has previously paid a guinea for his admission to a sumptuous feast. The fate of Tantalus involves more hardships than falls to the lot of ordinary poverty. It is Poverty in an ordinary always, and nothing to eat.

Let the poor take comfort, for theirs is a case of simple hunger; while the hunger of the rich is often attended with a sense of injury keener than the edge of appetite. The wight who wandereth from noon to dewy eve, with empty pockets and a stomach to correspond, merely endures the natural consequence of pennilessness, and has only the common and proper unpleasantness of famine to undergo. How grateful should he be that he is not racked by the sensations to which that pitiable unfortunate is exposed, who, seated amidst plenty, has no dinner, and whose bodily craving is accompanied by a mental torture, arising from the consciousness of having paid one pound for the privilege of being publicly starved.

Again we say, there is in the lowest deep a deep yet lower. Dreadful no doubt are the sufferings of the dinnerless. Come in what shape it may, or under what circumstances, hunger is a detestable companion. Granted. But there is an injury, an evil, a pang beyond that. The dinnerless themselves are less to be commiserated than some who dine. There is one thing worse, incalculably worse, than no dinner—only one—and that is, a bad dinner. We confidently put it to the late Mr. Pope to say whether we are not right.

We have frankly admitted the mortification of paying a guinea for a seat at a well-stored table—three courses and a dessert at least—and returning home, after some hours of hopeless endeavor, with an appetite whose edge would cut, at the first application, half through a round of boiled granite. But harder than granite itself is the lot of him who, in addition to the loss of his guinea, has left his glorious appetite behind him; lost it, invaluable as it was, not in the natural and exquisite operation of dining, but in the anxious and protracted process of tasting multifarious dishes, in the vain hope of finding some dish upon the table, some one out of the several dozens, that a gentleman might be presumed to relish without forfeiting his character.

We doubt whether there *is* a deep beyond this lowest of all; Milton's hero himself could never have found it out. To pay as aforesaid—to sit in eager but mute expectancy—to be excited and inflamed by wild, longing, doting, imaginative guesses as to *what* those covers may be concealing from view—to lose no opportunity of discovering some slight matter not unfitted to be relished by an epicurean taste, beginning with the soup and ending only with the *finis*, whatever it may be—to be disappointed dish after dish, duped and confounded remove after remove, until all is over—and then to fall back, after a voyage of discovery that has occupied an hour and a half, convinced of the total failure of the experiment—too certain that there is nothing worthy of being devoured, for every dish has been practically tasted—conscious, painfully conscious, that in the desperate and protracted search after a dinner the ardent stomach has over-exerted itself, and the fondly-cherished appetite has fallen an innocent victim. This, we must and will insist, is something considerably more grievous than the mere undined condition which we sympathized with before.

The non-eater who has merely succeeded in nibbling up two round rasped rolls, one before covers were removed, and one during what is called "the dinner," goes home, be it recollected, with an enviable capacity for dining at any hour of the night, the sooner the better; but how should he who has experimentalized on each, consumed his relish for anything, wasted his precious appetite in a fruitless search for something worthy of it—how should he retain the desired power, the enviable capacity to *sup* when he retires from the table! No, he is a man irretrievably ruined—until next day. He has been doubly taken in, and has a right to say, "Attack my pocket if you will, but spare my inner man; cheat me of my guinea, but don't pick my stomach of an appetite; send me hungry away, but don't poison me."

"You envy me!" cries poor Claude in the play; "wise judges are we of each other." Who has not been envied while hastening about six o'clock into the tavern towards which a numerous dinner party has been making its way for the last quarter of an hour, and round whose door are gathered a dozen or two of sharp-set lookers-on, with noses keenly alive to every odor that indicates the proceedings within. Wise judges are we of each other, truly! The staring, longing exclusives at the door imagine that we are a charming party of friends —that a glorious dinner awaits us—that we are going to pass a delightfully jovial evening—that we shall have a rare time of it! Wise judges! If, instead of sniffing, they were to see and share in the festivity! If, instead of spectators, they were actors in the entertainment! But they were never behind the scenes. They know not how vast the difference between the "imagination of the feast," and the feast itself! It's exactly the difference between perfect happiness and "*such* a head-ache!"

The mistake they commit is natural enough; but how odd it is that the very people who compose the public dinner-party fall into it too. They have been there before—on a score of occasions they have been guinea-givers and dinner-hunters—and yet they go again; not that merely—but they go with anticipations, contradictory of all their experience, of finding a pleasant meeting, witnessing an exciting scene, and enjoying a jolly entertainment. They hear that their friend Thompson, whose jokes are so devilish good, is to be there; and so he is, only he sits with his back to them at the table on the other side of the room; —or it is announced that Viscount Thunderbolt is to take the chair, and they never heard a first-rate orator yet;—or the musical strength is prodigious, and they confess that they do like to hear Hobbs and Pyne, and Miss Hawes, and the Boys, and the rest of them;—or it is in the sacred cause of charity, and it tugs irresistibly at their hearts;—or it is given in honor of somebody that they cannot for their lives refuse to eat a dinner in admiration of. And so they go once more—do ye not, all ye Public Dinnerists! whether ye be London-tavern-ers, or Freemasoners, or Crown-and-Anchorites, or by whatsoever sign ye may be known!

When all are assembled in the grand room, covers being laid for three hundred, the sight is undoubtedly "imposing," and it might be not unamusing to view from the gallery the gradual arrival of the fat bald gentlemen who generally form two-thirds of the company. It is best to select a single dinner-seeker—mark him upon his entrance, see him make his way round the table in quest of the particular plate that contains his card and is to supply his bliss—note the grumbling looks with which he surveys it, disgusted with its locality, and the scrutinizing glances at other names nearer the cross-table, taking up a card and turning it over here and there, with a strong inclination to substitute his own for it. There he goes and shakes hands with some half-dozen seemingly-hungry gentlemen, who, having taken their seats, have already begun to break off small bits of their respective rolls, to look at their watches, and hint that nothing is so becoming in a chairman as punctuality. You will next see that he presently returns to his seat and does the same; and, as the example spreads, a considerable number of rolls vanish before dinner. Meanwhile, other people are late besides the chairman; and as they enter they survey the filled seats with little pleasure on their visages, and edge their way from the bottom of the room to the top, round the cross-table, and down again, looking out for the possibility of a seat being reserved for them, or eagerly hunting for a cardless plate, upon which they may sieze, or a polite steward whom they may mercilessly arrest on his passage to the committee-room to receive the distinguished chairman. And now ("See the conquering hero comes,") the distinguished chairman, ushered in by a score of white-wanded and blue-ribboned stewards, enters the room amidst as much loud and long-continued applause as three hundred gentlemen, who are quite ravenous and decided against delay, can conveniently bestow; grace is inaudibly said in the sixtieth part of a minute, and then the public dinner begins to begin. It is exactly at this point of the entertainment that we should respectfully recommend the ladies in the gallery to consider the sports terminated, and retire accordingly.

What a clatter! How instantaneous and universal! What a startling and violent concussion of plates, forks, and spoons! What a congeniality of sentiment—what fixedness of purpose! Leonidas and *his* three hundred were never more resolved and united than the distinguished chairman and his desperate company. There are six-times forty feeding like one. There moval of the covers lifted the veil from the ruling passion—there it is, you see it in full play, or rather hard at work. Change but a word, and how applicable is the couplet,

"The fool consistent and the false sincere,
Priests, princes, statesmen, no dissemblers *here*?"

Of each it might be said, as Kemble said of Kean, "He is terribly in earnest." And yet if we pause in our survey of the general effect, where all seems to be vivid and successful action—waiters almost winged, plates skimming along the air, and elbows rivalling Paganini's, though the noise is not music exactly —if we pause to notice individual examples, we immediately observe what labor-in-vain work it for the most part is. It is much-ado-about-nothing after all. Each man may have secured possession of some soup, but not the soup he ordered, for that has gone to a gentleman who petitioned for what *he* has.—Those who have obtained turbot, look at it, lacking sauce, for seven minutes; and when they have at last procured some absent and essential accompaniment, all perseverance is futile, all intercession idle, in relation to cayenne, without which they have obtained nothing.

The story of one course is the story of another. Every man's hand is lifted to his own mouth as often as may be, but every man's hand is against his neighbor's doing so. On first entering, there was a mixed company, but still they might all be gentlemen, being much better dressed than the dinner; now, however, a change comes over their spirit. There is a tacit but unanimous recognition of the maxim that every man should take care of himself. The principle observable at each table, at all parts of each table, and with scarcely one visible exception, though in reality there are many, is,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should dine who can."

It seems to be a rule that the gentleman who first seizes upon the salt should keep it. It is upon the same principle that the party who sits opposite the turbot, helps himself liberally to the fins, and having pitched a rude supply into one or two plates thrust over his shoulder by beseeching waiters, drops the fish-slice, and can neither see nor hear appeals until he has finished his. Whosoever fixes his fork in a fowl, becomes the proprietor of it, so far as wings, or breast, or all that he himself has a taste for, is concerned. A slice of tongue is quite unattainable with your chicken—chicken and tongue *too* must always be considered unreasonable and romantic at a public dinner; but perhaps the desired slice is securable by itself. We make a trial; we send a plate—having little chance of seeing another—with an earnest, a pathetic appeal. That plate we never see again. With exemplary patience we await its return—time passes on, and the dishes disappear; we have become accustomed to our hunger, and having some of the nicely-rasped roll left, we forget our application in applying ourselves to that. But at length the solid dishes have all melted away into a horrible mockery of custards and jellies! Even a wrong cut of the spoiled mutton is now irrevocable. Grumio's "beef without the mustard" we might have had—but may not now. The tough turkey has become an impossibility. The dinner, shockingly arranged, infamously selected, and iniquitously cooked—bad as it was—is gone! and now remembering the almost longed-for, the all but necessary bit of tongue, we once more make trial with our own. "I asked you twenty minutes ago for a slice of tongue—I have had nothing—never mind." And ten minutes afterwards the slice actually comes—it is brought, set down before us, left there. Why, it must be tasted then, late as it is. Its color is inviting. Just as we have adopted so much of it as seemed fairly apportioned to the remaining fraction of the roll, we feel, rather than perceive, that somebody is looking at us; and there, directly opposite, is a huge gentleman, who, having necessarily occupied two seats, had come into possession of two sets of plates, with a double supply of forks and etceteras, all of which he had contrived, greatly to our loss, to make incessant use of throughout the dinner—monopolizing all godsends that came to our part of the table, and confining his whole attention to his own proceedings. And now, when he has performed his appointed task, when he has despatched all, when the very cheese charms him no longer, what has he to do but glance around him? And there, opposite, are we—we alone—eating tongue—tongue at that hour—when the cloth is rolled up, and the mahogany visible, at the lower end of the table! His eyes are riveted upon us. They reveal, clearly, too clearly, all that is passing in his mind. He has not the smallest particle of a doubt, that *so* we have been going on ever since the far-distant era of Soup—that the fork has been in incessant employ ever since the spoon was laid down—that we have been dining, indeed, with a forty-Dando power of perseverance! Imagine the position we are in. The tongue's rich redness is faint compared with the blush with which it is contemplated. The smile on our observer's face, his stare prolonged—they are not expressive of disgust at the supposed achievement of a never-to-be-discontinued dinner—no, they are expressive of *envy*. In one minute more, just as we finally lay down the fork, with a portion of the untasted treasure upon it, the attention of half the table is attracted to the awkward incident, by his ejaculating in a very audible and emphatic whisper across the table, "Waiter, here, waiter! bring ME a small slice of tongue!—Waiter!—thickish!"

But all this time not a syllable has been heard or said about *wine*. The fact is, the less said the better. We never rake up old grievances; and though the wine is any thing but "old," it is all the more grievous as a grievance on that very account. The best thing that can be done with it, is not to drink it; but having participated in an unguarded moment, the next best thing is to forget your folly as soon as you possibly can. This will not be next morning—make up your mind to that; but soda is sure to be efficacious in the end—no headache is eternal. After eight-and-forty hours hope will very possibly break in; while it lasts, this conviction will be deeply stamped on your mind—that at the tavern where you had so rashly dined in the company of the public, there are two settled rules from which no departure, even accidentally, was ever known to occur. One rule is, never to engage a cook who understands his business; and the other rule is, never to deal with a safe wine-merchant. The impression, however, will be erroneous; for it is possible to obtain, at the very same house, a nice little specimen of cookery for two or three persons, and a few glasses of port, properly so called. The real principle of business seems to be, to send away small parties with favorable ideas of the house, and to dismiss large parties with a conviction that the host's notion of "accommodation for man and beast" is, that what suits one will suit the other.

The wine, however—"port" is the name they very facetiously give to it—is on the table; and precisely because no creature more experienced or more delicate than Caliban, could drink three glasses of it, every body may take a bottle. It is a pity that the prison-discipline philosophers do not make themselves better acquainted with its virtues. Some of that wine sent over to Sydney, or circulated freely in houses of correction, would be found incalculably valuable in the speedy infliction of severe and salutary punishment. Crime would infallibly decrease with the stock of wine.

To induce people to drink it, continual appeals are made from the chair, to the loyalty, the gallantry, even the religion of the company. A lineal descendant from Stentor himself, is specially engaged to stand behind the president, and to give dreadful note of preparation for a toast by imperatively calling upon all gentlemen to "charge their glasses." Now and then there is the additional enforcement of a bumper-toast. He is always enthusiastic in his injunctions—no bumpers can be too full, no hurrahs too loud, no knife-handles too protractedly rattled for him. Something extra he ever insists upon—enough is far from being sufficient. (There was an example of this in his recent announcement at the Freemason's—"Gentlemen, the memory of Shakspeare, with three times three!") This personage is a greater bore—the assertion is a bold one, but he is—a greater bore than the rest of the orators. His addresses are beyond all comparison shorter; true—we admit this; but then they are open to this fatal objection—you can *hear* them! The inaudible orators are decidedly our favorites.

These constitute the great majority of the speakers. Verily, to them speech seems to have been given with a view to the concealment of their thoughts. Their addresses, however, are designated in the papers of the next morning, as "neat and appropriate." As far as dulness went, appropriate they were, and neat as imported from the latest edition of the "Public Speaker's best Companion." The manner in which her majesty's health was proposed would furnish, if any thing possibly could, an excuse for disloyalty; the exposition of the objects of the charity, or the merits of the individual honored by the meeting, would have been utterly frustrative of its intention, but that it had the advantage of being entirely unheard; and the eulogy upon the distinguished chairman would have been an offence beyond atonement, only it had the effect of waking him up, and urging him to expedition with the other toasts, the most important one in his regard being now perpetrated. As usual, however, he is so ungrateful as to consume five minutes in mumbling his thanks, during which we profit by the example he had previously set us, and fall into a doze; from which, after dreaming that we have performed a voyage to Oporto, and are just demanding the accommodation of a bed at the sign of the "Half-bottle and Headache," we are aroused by a pleasing commotion effected by the departure of the select from the cross-table, and the election of a second chairman, to superintend the unfinished dreariness, and advance the unprofitable dissipation of the evening.

Among the anomalies of these public dinners, this is not the least—that those who enjoy the best fare should be the first to go. The seats of honor at the president's table are occupied by lucky people. They all *dine*. A real cook is conceded to *them*. And they drink decent claret after. Warren is not their wine merchant, as he is ours. Yet most of them depart at ten o'clock, moved possibly by a pitying desire to shorten the sufferings of the rest of the company. To us it has always appeared most natural that the general body of the guests should rise very soon after dinner, and depart with precipitation; the task of completing the social toils of the night being left to the privileged and hospitably-treated few who had monopolized the solid and liquid luxuries of real civilization. The reverse of this happens. And the reverse of reason seems to govern the bright eyes that rain influence from the galleries. How they keep open! The ladies are often found to remain long after their handkerchiefs have had a chance of being waved, or a cup of coffee a hope of being presented to them. It might almost be supposed that they liked starvation extremely, and were collectively in love with every individual steward who made it his special business to be unmindful of their comforts.

We have described the privileged few at the table of honor as lucky people. They are in truth lucky in dining at any price, and many of them are invited guests, presented with tickets, that the board may be duly graced, and the subscription-list munificently filled up. Herein is some consolation to the mob below the dais, who dare not drink, and yet can't comfortably endure three hours of thirst. The privileged have partaken of unquestionable sherry, but they have left behind them a draft more than equal to the money they have enjoyed. They have not swallowed ink ill-disguised, as we have; yet ink is associated with their dark and sour recollections the next morning. They wish they had ordered Messrs. Drummond to pay only *ten* pounds to Blank Somebody, Esq., tho honorary Secretary! The repentance, let us say, is ungrateful. Had they not their recompense? Had they not the reward of virtue? As great Sir John says, "Were ye not paid?" They heard the acclamations with which the announcement of their munificence was followed. They listened with delight, until they could detect the distinct operation of every pair of hands clapped together, and of each separate knife with which the mahogany was visited. As they took their departure down the room they might have noted the deepened dents upon the long line of table. And were they not sensible of the greatly-diminished applause at the ten-pound contribution which came next! Were they deaf to the feeble tribute with which the succeeding five-pound gift was greeted! They might almost be so, for it was scarcely audible. Yet that was loud in comparison with the mockery of admiration that celebrated the two-guinea donation; though this in its turn doubled the welcome accorded to the solitary guinea; and of the fifteen boot-heels that impressed the floor then, only three were enthusiastic when the melancholy "one pound" was announced—when gradation could go no lower, and generosity had driven its hardest bargain!

Lest this should lead to mistake, let us explain, that at these public dinners the applause accorded to a benefactor, as the list of donations is read over, is almost invariably apportioned to the sum given, and not to the understood sense of the capability of the giver. The single sovereign of the poor man, whatever respect may attach to his name, is passed by as a mite unnoticeable; but the twenty-pound check of the rich man is greeted as an event illustrating the nobleness of human character. A popular name now and then carries it against all others, but in a way that only serves to show how very little the sense and feeling of benevolence enter into proceedings assuming that pure and sacred character. But this is lecturing. If out of place, skip it.

Meantime we skip to a conclusion. The second chairman makes us almost sigh for the restoration of the first. The saver and doer of nothing is preferable to the producer of noise. To stay now is impossible, for we can hear every word that is uttered. Let us, moreover, warn the tarrier in taverns, that execrable potations, when you become used to them, are apt to acquire an insidious pleasantness. Drink from habit, and you are done. The wine is taken, not tasted; and the consequence is, what was hinted at before, *such* a next morning! For ourselves, we are home while it is yet night: one guinea lighter, and five hundred hats heavier about the head. But we were hasty after all in complaining of a deficiency of dinner. We had more than was suspected. Preparing for bed, we discover much superfluous melted butter in the coat-pocket (the waiter was agitated); and a quantity of peas, together with an oyster or two escaped from a sauceboat, that had been jerked in their passage to the table, very snugly into the space occasionally observable between the hind part of a gentleman's coat-collar and his neck, as he sits at dinner!

London New Monthly Magazine.

There is a man in Vermont who does nothing but go round repairing weather-cocks. "*Vane* man, thy fond pursuit forbear."

"Boy," said a phlegmatic old fellow to a noisy urchin, "what are you hollerin' for when I'm goin' by!" "Humph!" returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I'm hollerin'!"

"Grin and bear it," as the man said to the tiger, when he stirred him up with a pole.

There is a story told of a man who told so crooked a story that it turned his tongue into a corkscrew. If he had used it in pulling a cork from a bottle of Sherry, it would have probably taken the twist out of it.

A Mad Preacher.—A circuit preacher in Alabama recently had his dander raised because his employers undertook to lessen his salary from $40 to $35 per annum. "My hearers," said he, "if you expect me to preach for $35 a year, you are most d——dly mistaken." Picayune.

"Rents are enormous," as the loafer said ven he looked at his breeches.

A negro woman at the South was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of darkies; among other things, she said she had been to heaven. One of the brethren says to her, "Sister, you see any black folks in heaben!" She replied, "Oh go way Sam, don't put a body out. Do you think I was in the kitchen!"

"Nothing," once said an old gentleman to us, "so much indicates the nature of a man's taste, as the style of pictures which decorate the walls of his dwelling."

"But," we inquired, "suppose he has *no* pictures!"

"Then he has no taste!" quickly responded the sage.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Columbia, S. C., Races.—These races were to come off this week, and in our next we trust that we may present a report of them from the pen of the Senior Editor, who is in attendance. Immediately thereafter he is expected to return home, and that he may make himself more welcome, he will please to bring along with him reports of the Camden, S. C., races, the Tree Hill and Frairfield, Va., races, and the Washington, D. C., races.

At the same time we would say to the owners of winning horses, how important it is for them to send forward reports which Clerks or Secretaries may have omitted to do. It is now nearly the time to commence the compilation of the annual tables both for the "Spirit of the Times" and "Turf Register;" a few weeks' delay may cause injustice to be done to some worthy sire or son.

Nothing more has transpired of the great match; a late letter from the senior editor expressed more confidently than hitherto the opinion that it would be made.

After *Andrewetta's* great race at Raleigh, Dr. MERRITT had the sagacity to despatch a messenger forthwith to the owner of her dam, and purchase her with her three colts, two of them by imp. Rowton. The colts alone must be worth very nearly double the whole amount of the purchase money, which is said to have been $3000.

L. P. CHEATHAM, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn., has purchased of Col. WYNN, the b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Eclipse out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, now six years old. Price $3,500.

The name of *Hydranger* is claimed by R. C. HILLIARD, Esq., of N. Carolina, for a two year old bay colt, by imp. Felt out of Bellona by Warbler.

HICKMAN LEWIS, Esq, has purchased Dr. A. WHITLOCK's interest in Luzborough. He will most probably make his next season at Mr. Lewis's residence, near Athens, Limestone county, Alabama.

DANIEL H. ELLIS, Esq., of Monmouth County, New Jersey, has sold his grey brood mare *Rosalinda*, by Oscar, dam by imp. Expedition, to Mr. JACOB JANNEY, of Lower Wakefield Township, Bucks Co., Pennsylvania, for $400.

Mr Ellis claims the name of *Rosalinda, Jr.*, for a two year old ch. f., out of Rosalinda, by imp. Trustee.

Also, the name of *Olivia* for a yearling filly, out of same, by Oliver.

Mr. Ellis has purchased of Mr. JACOB VANDYKE, of Somersett Co., N. J., his bay brood mare *Queen Dido*, by John Richards, out of Nettletop, and her two colts, viz.:—

1. A yearling ch. f., no white, by Monmouth Eclipse, for which the name of *Mulberry* is claimed.

2. A sucking b. f., no white, by Monmouth Eclipse, for which the name of *Cocoon* is claimed.

Mr. Ellis has also a two year old br. f., by Daniel Abbott's Black Hawk, out of Nelly Brown, the dam of Rory O'More, for which he claims the name of *Betty Martin*.

Erratum.—*Sportsmistress*, the dam of *Alice Gray* and *Reindeer*, was by Hickory, and *not* Duroc.

Selected and purchased by me, for Col. Everard Hamilton, of Macon, Ga. large bay mare named since purchased, Autossee, 11 years old last Spring, was got by the celebrated horse Eclipse, her dam by Virginian, grandam by imported Knowsley, g. g. dam by old imported Diomed, g. g. g. dam out of a Shark mare, and then descends to Medley, Jolly Roger, and Tippo-Saib.

Chesterfield, Va., 22d Nov., 1839. WM. R. JOHNSON.

MORE IMPORTED STOCK.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 19, 1839.

Mr. Porter: Dear Sir,—In addition to the former importation of SHERLEY and BIRCH, I enclose you an account of some valuable stock they have on their passage from Liverpool to Kentucky.

Valparaiso, a dark chesnut horse, 16 hands high, of great powers, a snip and one white foot, and to use the English phrase, a great runner. He was bred and ran by the Duke of LEEDS; got by the renowned Velocipede (the sire of the Queen of Trumps), he by Blacklock, as was Voltaire, the sire of Charles XII., the winner of the great St. Leger and Cup this year. Valparaiso's dam was Juliana, (the dam of Matilda, winner of the St. Leger in 1827, and likewise the grandam of Jordan, also imported last winter by Sherley & Birch); she was by Gohanna, out of Platina, by Mercury, grandam by Herod, g. g. dam Young Hag, by Skim, &c. &c.

Valparaiso is descended from a running family on all sides; both for speed and bottom, pedigree and family performances, he stands No. 1. He is also closely allied to some of the most distinguished racers that have appeared on the English Turf. From his fine blood and size, he must cross well on our Western stock, as we want the blood to go the distance, and repeat it, &c.

In addition to this, Messrs. Lewis & Birch have same very superior Durham Cattle, purchased of Lord Feversham; also some of the large Berkshire Hogs, or rather the original breed in its purity, and some others of choice breeds, &c.

BOSTON AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

In the campaign just concluded in the Atlantic States, from North Carolina to New York inclusive, *Boston* has again borne off the laurel; and by *the many* tests he has been put to, those of beating *all* the best horses of his day, East of the mountains (and open to a challenge to *any* horse West of them), at Three and Four mile heats, in about *twenty-five* races, with such competitors as The Queen, Omega, Lady Clifden, Duane, Balie Peyton, Decatur, Cippus, &c.;—gaining triumphs, with which but few in our whole Turf history will bear comparison,—it is but fair to conclude, from the time and style he has won them in, that, as started the last Autumn by "the Veteran," he has been *the best* race horse that has run upon *any* American course, during the present century. One example will tend to prove this. "Without the flourish of a whip or the tickling of a spur," carrying 118 lbs., being 6 years old, he won the *second* heat (and the race) of Four miles, in 7:52, at Newmarket Course, near Petersburg, Virginia,—the *fastest* time on that course, beating The Queen and Omega. The former had never before been put to her speed; the latter had won a Four mile heat, on the Washington City Course, as reported by the Judges in 7.40; by others in 7:38; and the week after being beat *again* by Boston, at Camden, won Three mile heats at Trenton, in the best three mile race ever run in this country, winning the second heat in 5:43, and the third heat with ease, in 5:48. Henry, 4 years old, carrying 100 lbs., (a *fortnight before* his famous match with Eclipse, when carrying 108 lbs! he won the first heat in 7:37) won the *first* heat of a four mile race, on the Newmarket Course, (the best time of any except Boston's *second* heat) *closely contested* by Betsey Richards, in 7:54. Boston won his *second* heat in two seconds quicker time and without difficulty. With the bottom and endurance, as well as extraordinary speed manifested by him, it seems but a just conclusion, that at 6 years old, he would have had but little difficulty in beating Eclipse, at any distance, from this comparison with Henry, his close competitor.

One other remark may be made growing out of the late campaign, the many first rate horses out of Oscar mares, such as Omega, Argyle, Clarion, Andrewetta, &c., all of which have run in first rate time during the year,—7:40—5:40—5:42—7:46, &c. Sometimes in the record, the maternal grandsire is described as "Oscar" and "Ogle's Oscar," both having reference to the same horse, that *par excellence* ought to be mentioned only as "Oscar," the son of Imp. Gabriel, dam by Imp. Medley, &c., to distinguish him from Oscar of Tennesse, a son of Wonder, another famed race horse. It may be further observed that Argyle has been the only durable son of Mons. Tonson, running the best of races, Two and Three mile heats, in his tenth year. This durability is doubtless derived from Oscar, as transmitted from Medley. Argyle too is descended from the old Prince George stock of Maryland, having the same common grandam, the Clifden mare, as the late lamented Mingo, that on the Turf, was unquestionably the best son of Eclipse. SENEX.

DARNLEY'S RACE AT CINCINNATI.

LEXINGTON, Nov. 3, 1839.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times:—Dear Sir,—The writer of this article is a strenuous advocate for the principle of even-handed justice being extended to the reputation of horses as well as of men.

This remark is predicated on the official report of the three mile race at Cincinnati during this Fall Meeting. The report of the second heat reads thus—"*The Queen* led to the 2d turn, when *Darnley* went in front;" the play was persevered in; Darnley leaving his horses several lengths, but on making the ast turn to come home, the others began to creep up, "*at the distance stand the colt gave up his lead.*" And why did he give up the lead? Because on making the last turn to come home he struck a stone in the track (he at that time running with the saddle on his neck and being thus for upwards of two miles) and shattered his hoof in such a manner as to render it utterly impracticable to get him out of the stable from the morning after the race for several succeeding days. Such was the check which the colt received that the rider declared on dismounting that he had broken down in one of his legs, and it is now doubtful whether he can be trained next Spring, in consequence of the seriousness of the injury. It is not the intention of the writer of this article to detract in the slightest degree from the well-earned reputation of the three fine competitors in that race, or even to hazard the opinion here that Darnley could have won that race, but merely to record the facts of the case involving the reputation of a favorite horse. S.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

HUNTSVILLE (Ala.) FALL RACES.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., Nov. 11, 1839.

Dear Sir,—The annual Fall Meeting commenced at this place on Tuesday last, the 5th inst., and continued five days, and we regret to say with a very thin attendance—a circumstance attributable partly to the scarcity of money, and partly to the unfavorable state of the weather, which was extremely cold and unpleasant. On Monday night much rain fell, but it cleared up early in the morning; the course was rather heavy. The following gentlemen comprise the officers of the Club:—Col. J. W. Camp, President; Col. John Acklin, and Jas. Bradley, Esq, Vice Presidents; Dr. Erskine, and E. H. Boardman, Esq, Timers.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.

E. H. Boardman's Imp ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Delight	1	1
W. H. Gee's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kate Kennon by Contention	2	2
Maj. S. Ragland's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough	3	dist.

Time, 4:15—4:22.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at $500 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Free Jack*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Napoleon. walked over.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Jockey Club Purse $400, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's ro. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Balew by Timoleon, 3 y.	1	1
Col. J. W. Camp's br. g. by Marion, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	2	2
John Connally's b. c. *Bay Wood*, by Editor, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	4	3
Boardman and McLaran's ch. f. *Fanny Strong*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	3	4
Nat. Terry's ch. c. *Santee*, by Wild Bill, out of Sally McGee by Timoleon, 4 yrs	5	5

Time, 3:50—3:50.

Santee was rather the favorite; after several false starts, they all got off in pretty good form; the Luzborough filly led off at a merry pace, followed by the gelding, and Bay Wood, with the others two or three lengths behind. In this order they continued close upon each other, without any change of consequence throughout, the little filly winning handily; Santee slipped his saddle, and ran about a mile and a half with it upon his withers.

Second heat.—The Luzborough again made play in front, and led closely to the last half mile, when Fanny Strong went up, and a rally ensued for a short distance, she then declined; the filly came in ahead and won by two or three lengths, in the same time as the first heat.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse $720, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

W. H. Gee's b. g. *Van Buren*, by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	1	1
John Connally's gr. h. *Grey Gander*, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 5 yrs	1	2	2
Davis & Ragland's br. h. *Sir Joseph*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	3	3	dist.

Time, 7:55—8:01—8:16.

Betting: 5 to 1 on Grey Gander. At the call they all appeared, and stripped; Gander was evidently too high in flesh, for a long race; the other two showed tolerably well. All being ready, the word was given; Van Buren took the lead, Sir Joseph next, Gander third, who challenged and drew clear on the first turn, and came in the first round, time 1:59, under a strong pull, three lengths ahead; the second mile still leading, time 1:57, and continued to lead to the third mile in fine style, time 2:01; on the back stretch, about half a mile from home, Van Buren made an attempt to come up, but failed; Gander came in swinging six lengths ahead hard in hand, in 7:55.

Second heat.—There were two or three attempts to get away before they could effect it. At length they got off; Gander led; in going down the back stretch, Sir Joseph made play, and at the half mile went in front, but ere they entered the quarter stretch, Gander had recovered the lead, and passed the stand a length ahead. In going round the first turn, Sir Joseph again ran up and lapped Gander, and after a severe rally, upwards of a quarter of a mile, drew clear, and led to the distance stand, where Gander challenged, shook him off, and was a length in advance on entering the third round; Sir Joseph now gave it up and retired to the rear; Van Buren then took up the work, made strong running, and by the time they had completed the third mile, he collared Gander, immediately passed him, and came in several lengths in advance, under a strong pull.

Third heat.—The tables now were completely turned. Betting: 3 and 4 to 1 on Van Buren, who led off, with Gander close up, under a steady pull; the gelding kept in front to the last half mile, at which place, Gander went up, challenged, and headed him on the outside, but could not draw clear, and take the track; they swept round to the last quarter, where Gander swerved, and lost considerable ground by it; he however instantly recovered, and ran the gelding pretty close; the rally was severe.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse $600, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Preston*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roanoke, 4 yrs	1		
John Connally's ch. f. by Bertrand, out of Forest Maid by Ratby, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 5:49.

Preston the favorite at 2 to 1. The colt bounded off with the lead at a rattling rate; at the half mile post was some 30 yards in front, and continued to increase the gap between them, every stride; he came in under a steady pull, distancing his competitor with great ease.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Club Purse $250, conditions as before; Mile heats.

John Connally's b. c. *Bay Wood*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3	1	1
Maj. N. Terry's (Thos. Travis') ch. f. *Mary Payne*, by Wild Bill, dam by Grey Tail, 3 yrs	4	3	2
Maj. Wm. Fleming's ch h. *Mark*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs	5	4	dist.
Davis & Ragland's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs	1	2	dr
Col. J. W. Camp's br. c. *Caro*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	2	5	dr

Time, 1:51—1:51—1:52.

Betting, Bay Wood vs. the field. There were a number of false starts, before they got fairly off; when the Leviathan filly sprang off in front, the Luzborough colt close at her heels, and made a beautiful race of it home, the filly only winning by about half a length. Mary Payne and Mark got miserable starts.

In the second heat the Leviathan again got the start; Bay Wood made play, collared, and passed her, and maintained his position throughout, winning pretty handily.

In the third heat Bay Wood made running in front to the last quarter, when Mary Payne closed in and gave him a severe tug home; but couldn't come it, he winning by about a length.

On Tuesday, the 3d of Oct. last, a match for $2,000 a side, two mile heats, was run, which resulted as follows:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 3—Match, $2000 a side, Two mile heats.

Col. J. W. Camp's b. c. *Bustamente*, by Whalebone, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	1	1
E. H. Boardman's Imp. ch. f. by Actæon, out of Design by Tramp, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 3:57½—3:54. Won handily.

CAMPBELL'S STATION (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

KNOXVILLE, Nov. 19, 1839.

Sir,—Below you have a report of the Fall Races at Campbell's Station, Tenn., which commenced on the 6th of Nov., and continued four days.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6, 1839—Jockey Club Purse $100, ent. $25, for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs; One mile.

Thos. M. Anderson's ch. f. *Minerva Proffit*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess	1
Wm. P. Wright's ch. c. *Sam Houston*, by Barney O'Linn, dam by Dare Devil	2
James Clark's gr. f. *Sally Stringfield*, pedigree unknown	3
James Cox's gr. f. *Grey Tail*, by Mabry's Timoleon, dam by Medley	dist.

Time, 2:00.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse $150, ent. $50, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

G. C. McBee's ch. f. *Ann Royall*, by Mabry's Timoleon, dam unknown	2	1
Jas. Clark's gr. c. *Lafitte*, by O'Kelly, out of Caroline Wilson by Timoleon	1	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:58.

In the 1st heat Ann Royall came out ahead, though the heat was awarded to Lafitte, from the fact of Ann's rider having dismounted before he came to the stand; Ann distanced Lafitte in the 2d heat by accident, his trainer holding him until she was gone.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Anderson & McGee's b. c. *Sir Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolic by Sir Charles, out of Kate Kearney's dam, 4 yrs	walked over.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $25 each; colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Mile heats.

Jas. Clark's gr. f. *Sally Stringfield*, pedigree unknown	1	1
Jas. Cox's gr. f. *Gray Tail*, pedigree above	2	dist.

Time, 2:02—2:04.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $100 a side, Mile heats.

Jas. Clark's gr. c. *Lafitte*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1
Dr. J. W. Netherland's b. c. *Gen. Wiley*, by Sir Richard, dam by Imp. Wildair, 4 y	2	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:58.

Gen. W. was not in good order. J. W. NETHERLAND, *Sec'y pro tem.*

The following races came off at Bean's Station, Tenn., but were not reported:—

Match, $100 a side, One mile.

G. C. McBee's gr. f. *Sally Stringfield*, pedigree unknown, 2 yrs	1
John McGee's ch. f. by Zebedee, out of Helen by Timoleon	2

Time not given.

Jockey Club Purse $125, ent. $25, for 2 yr. olds, One mile.

G. C. McBee's gr. f. *Sally Stringfield*, pedigree unknown	1
J. H. Anderson's ch. f. *Minerva Proffit*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess	2

Time, 2:05.

KENTUCKY TURF.

SPENCER COUNTY, Nov. 12, 1839.

WM. T. PORTER, Esq.—*Sir,*—Conceiving that any intelligence of a sporting nature will be acceptable, I herewith send you an account of a race course recently established in this vicinity, and the result of the first races over it. You will confer a favor by publishing the same, if in your opinion, it is worthy a place in your valuable work.

The course referred to is situated at the junction of four counties, to wit: Nelson, Spencer, Anderson, and Washington, each county having an interest in the same. It is called the *Sulphur Spring Course.* It is 1520 yards around now, but will be altered to a full mile next Spring; it will then be equal to any course in the Union. During the ensuing winter a regular Jockey Club will be formed, of which, and the subsequent Spring races, you shall be duly informed.

The first race of any note came off on the 24th Oct. last, and I annex the result:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 24, 1839—Match, $100 a side; Heats, once round.

Geo. T. Hickman's ch. h. *Jim Rock*, by Young Eclipse, dam by old Potomac, 5 y.	1	1
H. Jones' ch. f. *Lucy*, by Tyler's Orphan Boy, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 1:41—1:42.

Immediately after the above race, Mr. Mitchell, of Shelby County, proposed to run his b. h. *Kosciusko Jr.*, by Kosciusko, dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 years old, against Jim Rock, once round the course and repeat, to be run on the 2d of November ensuing, for $200 a side. The match was accordingly made, and the race run on the day named,—catch weights.

This race excited a good deal of interest, as Kosciusko was known to be the brag nag of Shelby County. The course was therefore very fully attended. Bets ran high in favor of Kosciusko; 2 to 1 being offered, and readily taken by Jim's friends. At the hour of 12 M, the horses came to the stand, both appearing in good plight, and eager for the race.

First heat.—Off they go, Jim Rock in the lead, which he retained until half way down the back stretch, when Kosciusko came up, gave him the go-by, and maintained his lead to the stand, winning the heat in 1:35.

Second heat.—Kosciusko's friends now raised the shout, confidently expecting their favorite to be victorious. Bets were more freely offered and as promptly taken; the knowing ones having the fullest confidence in Jim's bottom. They start—Kosciusko in the lead, Jim fiercely contending every inch of ground; he succeeded in passing Kosciusko on the back stretch, and retained the lead to the stand, thus winning the heat with ease. Time 1:36.

Third heat.—This result entirely changed the aspect of affairs, and bets could not now be had even. They cooled off, and came to the post apparently in good spirits. They are now off—Jim in the lead, which he maintained the whole round, distancing his opponent, and thereby winning the race. Time 1:36. Track good.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2—Match, $200 a side, catch weights; Heats, once round.

Geo. T. Hickman's ch. h. *Jim Rock*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	1
Mr. Mitchell's b. h. *Kosciusko Jr.*, by Kosciusko, dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs	1	2 dist.

Time, 1:35—1:36—1:36.

Yours, &c. A SUBSCRIBER.

CAMBRIDGE TROTTING COURSE.

Dear Sir,—Annexed I send you a report of the match just decided on our Course.

FRIDAY, Nov. 22, 1839—Match, $250 a side, carrying 145lbs. each; Three mile heats, under the saddle.

Mr. Brownell's b g. *Young Buckskin*	*Geo. Edwards*	1 1
Mr. ——'s gr. g. *Napoleon*	*Isaac Woodruff*	2 2

Time, 8:30—2d not kept.

When the match was made, it was generally thought to be an even thing, although the friends of Napoleon supposed they had some advantage, as Edwards had, throughout all the Fall trotting, been in such bad luck, some said any kind of a horse that started against him was "bound to win," and he himself began to think a fatality attended him and his nags. In the first heat both got well off, George and Isaac's knees rattling together until making the second turn in the first mile, when "Young Buck" shook off Napoleon, made a wide gap, and kept enlarging it, winning the heat with ease in 8:30.

After this heat the owner of Napoleon came forward to the Judges, and stated that his horse in the first heat burst open his foot, and was dead lame, consequently would not be able to start for the heat. Many of his friends who had put their "pot" on him with a perfect looseness, before the start, expressed a wish to have a *look* for their money, and that the horse should start; his spirited owner immediately consented, saying if he was not a "dead horse," start he should; and so he did, like a good 'un. Neither horse headed the other four feet in the first mile, Napoleon shoving his nose by the pole the first time round in 2:47, and keeping ahead until entering the third quarter of the second mile, when he became so distressingly lame, that Woodruff pulled him up, to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, and Buckskin had the balance of the heat his own way. Had he been put up the three miles, he would have cut out work for the "fastest crabs" in "these diggins."

Yours, Q.

P.S. I open this letter to say that Turkey is matched against Young Buckskin for $300 a side, Three miles heats, under the saddle, to come off one week from to-day, weight 145lbs.

News by the British Queen.

The "British Queen" brought us the full report of the Second October Meeting at Newmarket. Crucifix, it will be seen by the details on the next page, had continued her victorious career and won the Prendergast Stake, Our returns from the Houghton Meeting are yet incomplete; the "Queen" leftwhile it was in progress. The great events of that Meeting were the "Cambridgeshire" and the "Criterion" Stakes. The former was won by *Lanercost*, who has been minutely described to us by an American turfman, who recently endeavored to purchase him for this country. In the Criterion stake, Crucifix found a rival in Gen. Yates's *Gibraltar*, (brother to *Yorick*), who made a dead heat with her. The stakes were then divided, and Crucifix allowed to walk over.

This "bang up" Priam filly had one more engagement in the meeting—a valuable sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. It should be stated that in her race with Gibraltar, she carried 9lbs. extra.

Proteus, a colt by Cetus, won a stake on Thursday, the 31st ult., and was beaten the same day by Lord GEORGE BENTINCK's Derby nags, *Capote* and *Grey Milton*.

The latest betting on the first great events of next year, the Derby and Oaks, is annexed. It comes down to October 30th at Newmarket.

DERBY.

16 to 1 agst Mr. Wreford's Wardan (taken)
18 to 1 —— Marquis of Westminster's Launcelot (taken)
18 to 1 —— Lord Jersey's Muley Ishmael
20 to 1 —— Mr. Robinson's St. Andrew
25 to 1 —— Duke of Cleveland's Brother to Euclid
30 to 1 —— Lord Exeter's Lucetta colt (taken)
33 to 1 —— Sir G. Heathcote's Bockara
15 to 1 —— Lord Exeter's lot (taken)

OAKS.

10 to 3 agst Lord G. Bentinck's Crucifix
11 to 1 —— Mr. Fowler's Lalla Rookh
12 to 1 —— Duke of Grafton's Currency

On the tenth page will be found a list of the winners of Queen's Plates, both in England and Ireland, for 1839.

GOODWOOD CUP.—The course is described in the articles of the race to be two miles and three quarters; we had the last race for the Cup, won by Harkaway, timed by two experienced persons, one made it 4 minutes 58 seconds, and the other 5 minutes exactly; if our complimentary friend P. J. will compare this with the average St. Leger time, he will find it very fast. Bell's Life.

REPORTED DEATH OF LORD BROUGHAM.

All London was thrown into a state of excitement the week before the British Queen left, by the reported death of Lord BROUGHAM, by the upsetting of his carriage. So minute particulars were given of the accident, that all the papers believed it, and published columns in honor of the distinguished scholar and orator. There was no distinction of party shown in lamenting the loss of one acknowledged to have been so gifted. How the story was propagated, our readers may learn from the annexed correspondence:—

The Morning Herald attributed, in the subjoined paragraph, the propagation of the story to Count D'Orsay:—

"The rumor that the noble and learned Lord had been killed—'kicked to death,' as the rumor had it—was set on foot, we are told, by a well-known fashionable Count, who, having received a letter from Mr. Shafto yesterday morning, in which the accident was mentioned, took the letter to White's, and by way of a joke (!) read it publicly in the coffee-room in such a way as to justify the rumor that the result of the upset was the death of Lord Brougham."

Count D'Orsay, to vindicate himself from the aspersion contained in the above paragraph, addressed the following to the Morning Post:—

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

Sir,—I have seen the following paragraph in "The Morning Herald" of this day, relating to the reported death of Lord Brougham:—

"The rumor that the noble and learned Lord had been killed—'kicked to death,' as the rumor had it—was set on foot, we are told, by a well-known fashionable Count, who, having received a letter from Mr. Shafto yesterday morning, in which the accident was mentioned, took the letter to White's, and *by way of a joke* (!) read it publicly in the coffee-room, in such a way as to justify the rumor that the result of the upset was the death of Lord Brougham."

I believe this paragraph alludes to me, because I did mention to many persons in the course of yesterday that I had seen a letter from Mr. Shafto, announcing the dreadful accident to Lord Brougham. The statement, however, that I took the letter to White's, or any other Club-house, and read it by way of a joke, is an infamous falsehood, which I cannot refer to without indignation. The letter which I saw I considered to be genuine; and you will readily believe, Sir, that my feelings yesterday evening were anything but jocular. The person who could suppose that I could be capable of making a joke about Lord Brougham's death can know nothing of me, nor (I should think) of the feelings of a gentleman.

The facts of this business, so far as I have had to do with them, are as follow:—

Mr. Montgomery, a friend of Lord Brougham and Lord Wellesley, called upon me on Monday afternoon in a state of the most distressing grief. He had received a letter from Mr. Shafto, dated Brougham Hall, Saturday, detailing the dreadful occurrence very nearly as it was detailed in your paper of this morning. Mr. Montgomery, when he called upon me, was on his way to Fern-hill to communicate the contents of his letter to Lord Wellesley, and I never saw any one in a more deplorable state of grief and agitation than Mr. Montgomery was. This morning I had a letter from Mr. Montgomery, written at Fern-hill, and he was as strongly as ever under the distressing conviction of Lord Brougham's death

It has since come to my knowledge that Mr. Shafto's letter was intended as a joke. I leave others to explain the motives for so heartless a joke.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

Tuesday evening, Oct. 22, 1839. Cte. D'ORSAY.

In confirmation of Count D'Orsay's defence of himself, we have the following letter in the Post of Thursday:—

Sir,—Seeing in your paper of to-day a letter from Count D'Orsay, in which he alludes to a most infamous misrepresentation of the manner in which he reported the death of Lord Brougham at this Club, and as I am the individual to whom he made his first communication here, I feel myself called upon to bear my unequivocal testimony to the kindness and good feeling with which it was throughout made.

Anything asserted or hinted to the contrary, I can only assure you is a downright falsehood. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

White's Club, Oct. 23, 1839. —— METHUEN.

In the Post, on the same day, there appeared a communication from its own reporter, who had been sent to Penrith express. He says:—

"I am sure you will be as delighted as I was to learn that Lord Brougham has escaped without any injury, and that Mr. Leader, M. P. for Westminster, and Mr. and Mrs. Shafto and Mr. Edwards, who accompanied him in the carriage, were equally fortunate. The driver of the carriage, which was hired from the George Hotel, Penrith, has received several severe contusions, having been kicked by the horses in a most severe manner, and his life was for some time considered in danger. Mr. Shafto's servant, who accompanied him on the box, was also much wounded. It appears that Lord Brougham, with his party, had set out to view a property of his at a few miles distance, on the way to an expedition to the lakes, and for that purpose engaged the landau; but they had scarcely proceeded seven or eight miles, when, by the accident of a bolt slipping, the springs gave way, the driver and servant were thrown forward on the horses, the horses reared, kicked, plunged, and finally overturned the carriage, though fortunately with no more serious results than I have mentioned. Lord Brougham and Mr. Leader walked back to Brougham Hall, and sent on a carriage to their friends, and the whole party set out the following day for the Lakes, whence they are expected to return to-night or to-morrow. The driver is recovering, and Mr. Shafto's servant was well enough to accompany his master on Sunday."

On the 20th of October, the Morning Post contained the following communication from its correspondent at Penrith, enclosing a letter from Mr. Shafto, denying that he had written any letter respecting the accident to Mr. Montgomery:—

"Penrith, Thursday Evening.

"I have just had the satisfaction of seeing Lord Brougham, who has returned to Brougham Hall, after his excursion to the lakes, as well in health and in as good spirits as his best friends could wish. The cause of the rumor which agitated London is still involved in mystery. Mr. Shafto, whom I have also seen, is certainly not the author of the report, and his name has been most wantonly used by some person. I forward you the following lettter from Mr. Shafto, which you will perceive completely exonerates him:—

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

"Brougham, Thursday, Oct. 24, 1839.

"SIR—In reference to a letter which appeared in your paper of the 23d inst, alluding to a letter giving an account of Lord Brougham's death, and signed with my name, I beg to deny having written any such letter, or any letter at all, to Mr. Montgomery or any other person, with an account of Lord Brougham's death.

I remain, your obedient servant,

"B. DUNCOMBE SHAFTO."

The accident, as I mentioned before, was a very frightful one, and might have been attended with most serious consequences. The plunging of the horses has been described to me by an eye-witness as terrific, and if one of the wheels of the carriage had not come off, so as to prevent the horses from running off with it, all the party probably would have been severely hurt. It is singular that Lord Brougham, fearing lest any false reports of the accident should be conveyed up to town, wrote to his family and some friends, telling them that there had been an accident to the carriage, but warning them not to believe any idle rumors that might reach them. Mrs. Shafto behaved with remarkable courage and presence of mind. The only mode in which the false report can be accounted for is, that it sprang from some person in Penrith, who saw the carriage which was sent for return with Mr. and Mrs. Shafto, and without Mr. Leader and Lord Brougham, who walked home another way, having previously despatched expresses to Carlisle and Penrith for medical assistance for the driver. This circumstance might have induced some person in Penrith to believe that Lord Brougham and Mr. Leader were injured.

It is not the first time that Lord Brougham has thus been killed on paper.—During an illness at Lancaster, on the circuit, some years back, common rumor announced his Lordship's death, and it was bawled out by the flying newsmen under the very windows of Lady Brougham, who, however, had proof by letter of later date of the falsehood of the intelligence.

The same circumstances occurred about fifteen years ago to Lord Abinger, when Sir James Scarlett, that has taken place with respect to Lord Brougham. A rumor prevailed of the death of Sir James, which was published in a weekly paper as fact, followed by many observations on the worthy advocate, whose loss was deplored in very pathetic terms. Sir James must have been amused on reading the various contradictory strictures on his character. When Sir James returned to town he was met by *brother* Brougham, who shook him cordially by the hand, and observed "that it was worth dying to have so many flattering things said of him." Morning Paper.

The following throws all the additional light upon the affair, that had transpired in London:—

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

Fern Hill, Windsor, Oct. 28, 1839.

SIR,—I beg leave to inclose a copy of the letter, which I received on Monday, the 21st. instant, and which I showed to Count D'Orsay, about an hour after it reached me, and afterwards to Lord Uxbridge, whom I met by accident on my way to Fern Hill.

As the letter bears the postmark of "*Penrith*," and as I was not at that time acquainted with Mr. Shafto's handwriting, I never for an instant doubted the authenticity of the letter; and I remained under the painful impression of Lord Brougham's death until the following afternoon, when I was relieved by receiving, at Fern Hill, a letter from Lord Brougham himself.

I have since seen several letters written by Mr. Shafto, the writing of which is entirely different from that which I received on the 21st. instant.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

ALFRED MONTGOMERY.

Brougham, Oct. 19th, 1839.

Dear Alfred—I have but just time to send you a line to tell you of a terrible accident which happened here to-day, and has almost bewildered me. We were going to see an old castle when the carriage, a horrid old thing from the inn, broke down, the splinter bar and axle being completely worn through; and after being dragged some way on we were dashed into the ditch. I escaped; but Lord Brougham was kicked by one of the horses, and being stunned by the kick could not get away from the carriage, which fell on him and smashed his head. He died on the spot. Leader was so injured by the fall that he can scarcely survive. Leonard is away shooting, and I am in a shocking state—alone in the house, and scarcely know what to do. I write this to you that you may tell Lord Wellesley. Yours truly, R. SHAFTO.

To Alfred Montgomery, Esq., Kingston House, Knightsbridge, London.

LORD BROUGHAM AND M. DUPIN.

[From the Charivari.]

Yesterday morning, just as M. Dupin was opening and swallowing a dozen of oysters, and giving himself up to the enjoyment of five dishes and a bottle of Bordeaux, his soul was suddenly melted in perusing the morning papers.—Therein was found, in dismal characters, the departure of his *alter ego*, of the shadow of himself, of Lord Brougham, the pamphleteer, philosopher, and formerly counsel of the *injured* Caroline. Can the grief which overcame M. Dupin be conceived? Dupin without Brougham? Heaven and earth! Orestes without Pylades, Cicero without Atticus, M. de Balzac without his stick, the knife without the fork! Fortunately for the world, the press always has at its disposal sovereign specifics for every evil, and like the old lance of Achilles, which must be pretty well worn out by this time, cures itself the wounds which it has made. The two or three journals which had killed Lord Brougham, nearly in the same manner as Théramène kills Hypollitus, have resuscitated him this morning. His Lordship only had a fall, and Albion's advocate has not even a bruise to excite our sympathy.

When the Postman brought in the murdering journals, M. Dupin was thinking whose life he should write, and was longing for a victim, when, all aghast, he read of Lord Brougham's disastrous death; so, wiping a tear, which was just falling into his oyster, he exclaimed, "He'll do capitally for a hero; I'll write his life." Whereupon he sat down and wrote the life and adventures of his prototype. When our express left he was in a state bordering upon insanity—absolute frenzy—at finding that Lord Brougham was alive and kicking, and that consequently his biographical labors were all thrown away.

HARKAWAY AND THE GOODWOOD CUP.

This week having been appointed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club for hearing the remainder of the case between Mr. Somers and Mr. Wakefield which our readers will recollect was adjourned from Doncaster, they renewed their examination on Tuesday last at Newmarket. Mr. Somers did not attend in person, but appeared by his agent, Mr. McDonough; who, on being examined, admitted that neither Mr. Somers nor himself was authorized by Mr. Ferguson to make the declaration under which the two bets of 300 to 100 each (making the 600 to 200) were obtained from Mr. Wakefield; but he endeavored to justify their validity by stating that the first was laid in the afternoon, before the cup day, *on the race course*; the other directly after the races, in the town. He added, that both bets had been made previous to the declaration complained of. Mr. Wakefield, on hearing this extraordinary assertion (which does not appear very probable, when he could have laid 300 to 200 in twenty places), requested the Stewards to give him time to inquire among the betting gentlemen then at Newmarket, if there were any who had heard the bets laid, as he had no doubt he should be enabled very easily to disprove the assertion. In compliance with his wish, the Stewards adjourned the hearing till the following day, when he produced five or six gentlemen who proved unequivocally that *both* the bets were laid at the Swan, at Chichester, between the hours of eight and ten o'clock on the night before the race, and at some considerable time *after* the false declaration had been made.

Upon the above evidence, which certainly reads strongly against Mr. Somers, the Stewards decided on Friday morning that Mr. Wakefield should pay £300, being half the amount claimed. As none but parties interested, and their witnesses are allowed to be present at inquiries of this kind, we have been obliged to trust to hearsay for an account of the proceedings; if it be correct, and we believe it to be so, the decision, which excited a good deal of surprise and dissatisfaction in many quarters, does not appear to meet the merits of the case; either the bet was obtained on a fraudulent representation, or it was not—if it was, why should Mr. Somers be benefitted by his own wrong? If, on the other hand, it was a *bona fide* transaction, then, in our humble opinion, Mr. Wakefield ought to pay *all* the money. Mr. Somers, it will be seen, brings forward *one* witness in proof of an *ex post facto* statement. Mr. Wakefield produces several *per contra*, and could have doubled the number had it been considered necessary—but the *one* is credited in preference to the *many*, and Mr. Wakefield cast in damages to the amount of £300.

Mr. Wakefield, we understand, intends to appeal to the Jockey Club, not alone on the ground that the decision was contrary to the evidence, but that according to their own laws, the case was heard before an incomplete, and, therefore, incompetent tribunal. Upon referring to the book calendar, we find the following rule (5) in support of this objection:—"If only two stewards be present they shall fix upon a third person, being a member of the Club, in lieu of the absent steward," &c. As only two stewards were present at the inquiry, it is fair to infer that Mr. W. is entitled to a new trial.

HIBERNIAN GENTLEMEN JOCKS—LORD HOWTH.

Lord Howth stands about five feet six inches, and his figure is particularly adapted to all bodily exercises, combining great muscular powers with considerable agility; he is a particularly well-winded man, and rides a flat race in such a manner as to puzzle "the flats," and make "the sharps" keep their weather-eye wide open; neither Harry Edwards nor Daniel O'Connell could out-gammon him, and he is one of the few Irish riders who can win just upon the chair. He is an excellent judge of pace, and seldom makes the running unless it is miserably bad; in fact, a waiting race is and has been his *forte*, and he has made many a hero and his nag cry *piano*, who were uncommonly *forte* in the commencement. In the case of handicaps the winning out and out is an awful folly, and Lord Howth understands the motto "Hold, enough," as well as any man in England. He is a straightforward man, always going with his own primer; blarney is thrown away upon him, and the great political copper extractor of the day would fail in obtaining the sought-for penny, unless for a consideration; as he remarked once upon the Stand-house at the Curragh, "Pity is a remarkable good thing for a child cutting its teeth, but the man who goes about looking for it from his fellow man, may as well expect to get turtle soup out of an oyster shell, although they also owned as common mother, the sea." Lord Howth has long been very successful as a steeple-chace rider, and any person who has seen him ride *Modesty* over the Ashbourne Course, has seen the *ne plus ultra* of steeple-chacing; as regards single events, all the fences at Ashbourne being single, and requiring only one exertion to get over. He rode *Modesty*, about eight years ago, a celebrated match against a brilliant horse called *Lancet*, the property of Lord Clanmorris, and ridden by him. He took Lord C. off at such a pace, that about the third fence Lord C. very deliberately slipped off, and left Lord Howth to trot round. Lord C., upon that occasion, averred that he got giddy, but as in the same breath he stated that he had not been in bed for three nights, it is to be supposed that nature fell asleep just when she should have been on the alert; in fact, Lord C. was caught "napping." Tom Ferguson afterwards beat him upon Modesty with Barkiston, then a much better nag than when he dragged his ancient limbs over to Liverpool for the last steeple chase. Lord Howth has rode pretty well in Kilkenny, and always with great judgment; but, as he declares, the glens take too much out of him, and the big double fences and break-necks are only fit to be ridden over by a man hovering between suicide and the insolvent court. Although Lord H. is not so desperate a man as Lord Clanricarde (the most determined and no-refusal man I ever saw), yet I should much prefer Lord H. as a general rider.—He is a most merciful man to his beast. I have heard him say that he was at it from the distance, and indeed I thought so myself; but when I have examined the nag he rode, I have not been able to discern the mark of any punishment whatever. I suppose he thought he had punished the horse severely; but the compassionate dictates of his mind overpowered the force of his legs and arm. Ignorant pretenders may think that it was because the horse was to be handicapped for the following day; but you and I, dear Editor, who are well acquainted with the mercies of the racing world, know that would be all *gammon*. Lord Howth can ride as low as 9st. 7lb., and has reduced himself at different times to a very low scale indeed, but I should be sorry to pay at the rate that those opposed to him do for the lost pound of flesh *Au reste*—Lord H. is one of the most agreeable companions of the present day, full of anecdote and racy fun, and lively in conversation, and so careless in communicating the sporting events of the day, that the superficial observer would imagine he has fathomed him. He may as well fancy he knows what the deep contains, because he sees a sprat who was an inhabitant of it. Lord H. is a rattling hazard player, and I shall close my reminiscence of him by the following anecdote:—Happening to stand near a gentleman (whom I afterwards discovered to be an American) at a hazard table, he asked me whether the present caster was not the Earl of Howth; to which I replied that he was, and asked him how he knew him when Lord H.'s back was turned to him, to which he replied, "Sir, I should know him among a thousand by the gentility of his box hand." Tired of the minnows of this "jim of the say," his Lordship has gone bobbing for whales upon the English shores, and hard biting and quick taking to him. SHAMROCK.

Death of the Widow of William Day, the Celebrated Trainer.—On Monday night last, Mrs. Day, the widow of the well-known trainer, (who died about 5 years ago), expired at the house of Mr. Wm. Hibburd, at Egham, (the clerk of the course at Ascot), where she was staying for the purpose of attending Mrs. Hibburd during her confinement. Mrs Day, who was in her 34th year, has left five children to lament her loss. Since the new Grand Stand at Epsom has been erected, Mrs. Day resided there—holding the appointment of housekeeper.

THE QUEEN AND HER ARABIANS.

A week or two back her Majesty received a beautiful Arabain horse from the British Consul at Tripoli, and was so pleased with the elegant animal that she caused him to be paraded before her a second time. Since which, it seems, her Majesty has received two splendid Arabian mares (each with a foal at her foot) from the Imaum of Muscat. Only a few years have elapsed since the same Prince, (the Imaum of Muscat) presented to her Majesty's uncle, William IV., four genuine Eastern nags, two horses and two mares, admirably calculated for the improvement of our degenerated thoroughbreds, and particularly for the restoration of those most valuable qualities, lastingness, and the capablility of carrying weight. In what may be termed the good old days of the turf, racers were not only fleeter than those of the present day, but were able to carry 12st., and to run four mile heats with it. In the modern system of racing, the distance is from half a mile to a mile and a half, with the lightest load possible, the weight very seldom reaching 9st. As the qualities precedingly mentioned (lastingness and the capability of carrying weight) have become depreciated in proportion to the recession of our blood stock from the Eastern original, it is only by a judicious infusion of the legitimate stream that they can be restored.

The jet black stallion, sent on the previous occasion by the Arabian potentate already mentioned, showed the highest breeding we ever saw; he had been produced too much on the in-and-in system, but a nag better calculated for the improvement of our thoroughbreds could not have been found in the world.—His companion, a bay stallion, though not so highly bred, was well calculated for the same purpose; and so of the two grey mares by which they were accompanied.

About a year previously, William IV. received two grey stallions from the King of Oude, beautiful animals, and, like those mentioned above, admirably calculated for the improvement of our degenerated stock. We saw these six Eastern nags at Hampton Court, where they were soon afterwards sold by auction, and purchased for the most part by foreigners! "O Shame where is thy blush!" Are the recent equine arrivals to share a similar fate—to be subjected to the same disgrace.

Singular Circumstance.—On Tuesday afternoon, the barque Bruce, Captain Campbell, arrived in the St. Catharine's Dock, from Matanzas. Whilst the vessel was lying to in a gale of wind, in the Gulf of Mexico, she shipped a light sea, which washed over a pudding-bag, which the cook had just well stuffed with pleasant ingredients, it being what is termed by nautical men a "duff-day."—About four hours afterwards, a shark, measuring eight feet in length, was caught by a fishing-hook placed over the stern of the ship, and hauled on board and immediately killed. On its being opened, the identical pudding-bag washed overboard, was found, with its contents untouched, as well as several beef bones, which had been thrown into the sea about an hour before the pudding-bag was lost. Part of the voracious fish was subsequently dressed in good style by the cook, and formed a fish mess for all hands, who appeared to relish the unexpected diet. The pudding-bag was afterwards used on the passage homewards, and is now snug on board the Bruce, in the St. Catharine's Dock.

Jonathan Outdone.—"The English government," says the *Presse*, "a few years ago, left to three criminals, condemned to death, the choice of the gallows or adopting the following conditions:—The first was to take tea, the second coffee, and the third chocolate, and to live as long as they could, but were to eat nothing with either; these conditions were eagerly accepted. The last, who took chocolate, died in eight months; he who took coffee, lived two years, and the tea-drinker survived three years. The man who took chocolate died in a state of complete decomposition, and so much eaten by worms, that, during his life, his limbs separated, one by one, from his body. The man who drank coffee was so disfigured after his death, that one would have sworn that the fire of heaven had calcined him from head to foot. The tea-drinker became so thin and almost diaphanous, that it was perfectly easy, with a candle in one's hand, to read a newspaper through his body by the intervals which separated the ribs!"

Rural Sport.—Novel Race.—After the amusements of the day had nearly finished at Wentnor Wakes, which took place on Monday week, a curious and novel race was proposed by two gentlemen (freeholders) residing in that parish. The one proposed to start his bull against his neighbor's donkey, to be rode by two persons (no weight specified) for a sovereign each. A fair start took place, but towards the latter part of the race the bull was some distance behind, when a lucky thought struck the owner of the bull, and having a sheep-dog with him, he set the dog at the bull, which gave him a gripe upon one of the hind legs; the bull immediately sprang forward, left his competitor in the rear, and won the race cleverly. The owner of the donkey disputes the race, and the stakes are at present withheld for the decision of the Jockey Club—whether it is not against the rules and regulations of racing for dogs to be permitted on the course. Mr. Medlicott was the owner of the bull; Mr. Minton of the donkey. Salopian Journal.

A young fop, who had just begun to shave for a beard, stepped into a barber's shop, and, after a grand swagger, desired to be shaved. The barber went through the usual movements, and the young sprig jumped up with a flourish, exclaiming, "Maw foine fellow, what's your charge?" "Oh, no charge," was the reply. "No charge! how's that?" "Why, we are always thankful when we can get soft calf-skin to whet our razors on."

A barrister observed to a learned brother in Court, that he thought his whiskers very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY—Oct 14.

The Grand Duke of Russia's munificent and, we doubt not, disinterested gift of Doctor Pangloss's first desideratum, "just three hundred pounds a-year," has enabled the Jockey Club to apply its "first fruits" to the improvement of a day (Wednesday) which is less productive of sport than any other, particularly in the Second October week, and at the same time to impart greater interest to the meeting itself. On the present occasion it proved a welcome addition, for, independent of a singular paucity of matches, the two year old stakes were deprived of their wonted attraction by the immense superiority of Crucifix over every thing else that had shown in public. The race to which the "Illustrious Foreigner" has given birth, is aptly styled the Cæsarewitch Stakes, a free handicap of 25 sovs. each, &c., for which twenty-six horses accepted, including several belonging to Scotch gentlemen, who, much to the depreciation of the race, did not shew; the start, it will be seen below, was confined to a very indifferent lot, but as it happened that they were thought to be brought tolerably well together, the betting was very heavy, and the interest excited proportionably great. Beyond this the list contained only two races of any value, the Clearwell and Prendergast, which, for the reason assigned above, were looked upon as certainties, and afforded little scope for speculation.

With a list, therefore, depending chiefly on the Cæsarewitch Stakes, the meeting commenced on Monday last with glorious weather and a fashionable company. The racing, as the subjoined brief details will prove, was sadly deficient in quality and extent.

The betting, previous to the races, was, with one or two trifling exceptions, confined to the Cæsarewitch Stakes, and was tolerably brisk, without altering the relative positions of the three principal favorites, as given in our last notice of Tattersalls'. Mickleton Maid retained the lead, and was backed several times at 3 to 1; Cruiskeen, however, was supported with the greatest spirit; her noble owner, who at the rooms on Sunday evening had taken 2000 to 200 that Medea won the handicap this afternoon, and Cruiskeen, the great race on Wednesday, opened the ball this morning by taking 4 to 1 in ponies twice over, then 900 to 200, and after that the same odds in tens, ponies, and fifties, to a considerable amount; this outlay, large as it was, had not the slightest influence on the odds; on the contrary, 9 to 2 were offered to the breaking up of the ring. Science had a strongish party at precisely the same figure as the Irish mare; her travelling companion. Primefit occupied only a nominal place in the betting. A few small sums were laid out on Quo Minus, and Joannina. The market closed at one o'clock as follows:—

CESAREWITCH STAKES.

3 to 1 agst Mickleton Maid	9 to 1 agst Quo Minus
9 to 2 —— Cruiskeen	12 to 1 —— Joannina (taken)
9 to 2 —— Science	12 to 1 —— Vicuna
8 to 1 —— Primefit	

30 to 20 agst Mickleton Maid and Science (taken)
28 to 20 —— Cruiskeen and Mickleton Maid (taken)

Hesione and Turquoise filly were declared not to start, during the race time. It was also stated that Lord Miltown had resolved that his mare should carry the 6lb. for winning at Lichfield and Liverpool, in compliance with the new article in the conditions of this race, alluded to in our last.

THE DERBY.

13 to 1 on the field	25 to 1 agst Lady Sarah (offered)
25 to 1 agst Bro. to Euclid (taken)	40 to 1 —— Marinella colt (taken)
25 to 1 —— St. Andrew	40 to 1 —— Sis. to Cactus (taken)

Of the bill of fare for the entertainment on the heath we cannot speak in praise; it was scanty, and not of a tempting description; the weather, however, was delightfully bright and mild, and the attendance about an average in number and rank. The following is a return of the sport:—

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for three year olds and upwards; T.Y.C.; five subscribers.

Lord Miltown's *Medea*, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb	Neptune Stag	1
Mr. Rayner's Minima, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	Chapple	2
Lord Exeter's Corban, 5 yrs, 7st 11lb	Mann	3
Mr. Worrall's Antler, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb	A lad	4
Lord Stradbroke's Fifer, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb	Nat	5

Betting: 5 to 4 against Fifer (taken), 4 to 1 against Minima (at first 3 to 1), 5, and afterwards 4 to 1 against Medea, 4, and at the close, 5 to 1 against Corban, and 5 to 1 against Antler. Fifer made first running, Corban following him, Minima third, and Medea next, all well placed; they preserved this order till within a distance of home, where Antler, over-paced, was several lengths behind, and Corban in difficulty. Fifer maintained his lead a few strides longer, gave up, and dropped astern of the pair already defeated. Medea immediately took up the work, Minima waiting on her into the cords, where Chapple made his rush, and, without getting quite level with the Irish filly, made so good a fight of it that the Judges gave it by a head only; we may add, however, that it would not have been so close had the lad on Medea ridden with the same patience we had occasion to speak of in Cruiskeen's race at Liverpool.—Corban was about two lengths behind the first two.

The *Garden Stakes* of 100 sovs each, P.P.; T.M.M.; 3 subs.

Duke of Rutland's *Flambeau*, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	Cotton	1
Lord Exeter's Adrian, 5 yrs, 7st	Nat	2
Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, 4 yrs, 7st	Pavis	3

Betting: 11 to 8 against Adrian, 7 to 4 and, finally, 2 to 1 against Flambeau, and 3 to 1 against I-am-not-aware. The non favorite cut out the work at a good pace, followed by Adrian to the ditch, where Flambeau, almost overpowering his clever little jockey, ran past them, took up the running in earnest, went through it, and won easy by a length. I-am-not-aware laid second till within a distance from home, when he shut up, and Adrian followed Flambeau in. In order to ride Adrian in this race, and Flambeau on Wednesday, each 7st., Nat had, in the course of five or six days of severe wasting (walking, starving, and physicking—"think of that, ye citizens of London, who *dine* at home at ease"), knocked off 12lbs. of his weight! Who shall say after this (and most of them have to go through similar ordeals) that jockeys are overpaid?

Fifty Pounds, for three year olds 7st 7lb, four 8st 7lb, five, six, and aged, 8st 12lb; A.F.

Duke of Grafton's *Æther*, 3 yrs	Nat	1
Col. Peel's Ion, 4 yrs	Pavis	2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Æther (taken). Ion made play at a good pace into the bottom, where Æther passed him, and won easy by two lengths; the pace from the bushes was very slow.

The evening's proceedings in front of the room were important, and, at the same time, not quite of so exclusive a character as those recorded of the morning. The Cæsarewitch Stakes, being of immediate interest, is entitled to precedence. Two or three changes of some consequence arose in the course of the afternoon: Cruiskeen, recommended by Medea's running, and the weight of money laid out in the morning, gave Mickleton Maid the "go-by," and settled down firmly at 3 to 1, a point more having been laid three or four times against the Maid. Science dropped by degrees to 6 to 1, and was almost friendless before the ring dispersed. Joannina and Quo Minus was in favor in several quarters, and two or three parties, fancying that the distance would suit him, put a little on Quicksilver. 10 to 5 was taken twice about Flambeau, on the chance of his starting, which was looked upon generally as very doubtful.—The closing prices were

3 to 1 agst Cruiskeen	10 to 1 agst Joannina (taken)
4 to 1 —— Mickleton Maid (tk)	10 to 1 —— Primefit
6 to 1 —— Science	12 to 1 —— Quicksilver
10 to 1 —— Quo Minus (tk)	20 to 1 Flambeau

7 to 2 agst Quo Minus, Quicksilver, and Joannina (taken)

THE DERBY.

The Derby quotations show a moderately good list, considering the excessive dulness which has prevailed of late. Wardan and the Marinella colt were in request at the odds given below as "taken," and 40 to 1 was taken in hundreds about the Angelica colt, the average offers before and after being 33 to 1. We heard as much as 28 to 1 laid against Brother to Euclid, but as two or three "good men and true" vainly endeavored to obtain the same odds, we have continued the morning quotation.—15 to 2 was offered against Lord Jersey's lot, 13 to 1 against the favorite, and 22 to 1 laid in fifties against Glenorchy. We are unable to state Launcelot's price, but, from what reached us, we should say that 20 to 1 from a good man would have been taken. The closing odds were:—

15 to 2 agst Lord Jersey's lot	33 to 1 agst Maroon
13 to 1 —— Muley Ishmael	33 to 1 —— Angelica
22 to 1 —— Glenorchy (taken)	1000 to 25 —— Morgan Rattler (tk)
25 to 1 —— Brother to Euclid	1000 to 20 —— Sister to Cactus (tk)
30 to 1 —— Wardan (taken freely)	1000 to 20 —— Brother to Melbourne
33 to 1 —— Marinella colt (ditto)	

1000 even between Fitzroy and Brother to Melbourne

TUESDAY, Oct. 15.

The weather this morning was the reverse of favorable for racing: a mizzling rain fell until two o'clock, lasting just long enough to bring every fly in the town into requisition; it then ceased, and the remainder of the afternoon was perfectly fine. The Derby betting previous to the commencement of the races showed a marked improvement, several horses having been backed to a large amount. St. Andrew was in high force: 2500 to 100, 2000 to 70, and several other bets at the same average, were taken about him, and 2000 to 100 with Snoozer thrown in as a cock-boat; the closing offers were 25 to 1, and the same odds were offered against the Lady Sarah colt; 30 to 1 was taken several times about Wardan, and offered up to the finish; 20 to 1 was accepted to a small sum about Glenorchy, but the general feeling towards the lot was not calculated to keep either of the pair (Lord Jersey's) in their places; 8½ to 1 was laid against them jointly, and 11 to 1 against Lord Exeter's lot. The prices up to 5 o'clock were as follows.

850 to 100 agst Lord Jersey's lot (tk)	30 to 1 agst Wardan (taken, and afterwards offered)
2200 to 200 —— Lord Exeter's lot (tk)	33 to 1 —— Maroon (taken, and afterwards offered)
13 to 1 —— Muley Ishmael	33 to 1 —— Marinella (taken, and afterwards offered)
18 to 1 —— Launcelot (taken, and afterwards offered)	35 to 1 —— Perseus (taken)
20 to 1 —— Glenorchy (taken, and afterwards offered)	40 to 1 —— Bro. to Melbourne (tk)
25 to 1 —— St. Andrew	40 to 1 —— Fitzroy (taken, and afterwards offered)
25 to 1 —— Lady Sarah colt	

The only bets made on the afternoon's races were 5 to 4 on Wardan, and 3 to 1 against Jeffy for the Plate, 3 to 1 on Crucifix for the Clearwell Stakes, and 11 to 6 against both favorites winning.

Amongst the company on the Heath were the Duke of Rutland, Marquis of Exeter, Earls Jersey and Stradbroke, Lords G. Bentinck, Milltown, Colborne, J. Fitzroy, Godolphin, S. Osborne, and Villiers; Sir F. Collier, Sir J. and Lady Shelley, Hon. General and Mrs. Grosvenor, Hon. Captain and Mrs. Rous, Hon. Colonel Anson, Hon. G. S. Byng, Hon. G. Fitzroy, Hon. —— Woodhouse, Colonel and Lady Alice Peel; Messrs. C. (and Mrs) Wilson, Payne, Greville, Newton, Worrall, Gardnor, Crommelin, J. Bayly, S. Stanley, Cotterill, Waddington, Batson, Roberts, Portman, Hawker, Thornhill, Hunter, Dolphin, Kingston, Irby, &c.

The racing was as follows:—

Fifty Pounds, for two year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 5lb; T.Y.C.

Mr. Wreford's b. c. *Wardan*, by Glencoe, out of Margellina	J. Day	1
Mr. Bowes's Richmond, by Memnon junior, out of Henrietta	Nat	2
Lord Lynedoch's Jeffy, by Jerry, out of Mandane	Stephenson	3
Lord Exeter's Stamboul, by Reveller, out of Galata	Darling	0
Col. Peel's b. c. St. Swithin, by Velocipede or St. Nicholas, out of Fille de Joie	Pavis	0
Mr. Robertson's b. c. Little Wonder, by Muley—Lacerta	Macdonald	0
Mr. Bland, jr.'s Miss Betsy, by Plenipotentiary, out of Emiliana's dam	Conelly	0
Mr. Edwards' Assassin, by Taurus, out of Sneaker	E. Edwards	0
Mr. Walker's Gloxinia, by Glencoe, out of Pauline	Chapple	0
Mr. Comes' c. by Actæon, out of Evens	Rogers	0

Betting.—6 to 4 on Wardan, and 5 to 2 against Jeffy. Miss Betsy was first off, and was thereby enabled to live in front for nearly a quarter of a mile; the running, however, was made at a good pace by Wardan, followed, on Miss Betsy's retirement, by Richmond and Jeffy; and in this order they went throughout, Wardan winning easy by a length, Richmond obtaining a similar advantage over Jeffy, Stamboul was fourth, and Little Wonder fifth; St. Swithin and Gloxinia were next, Assassin several yards behind them, and Miss Betsy last of all by many lengths. Immediately after the race 2000 to 100 was taken about Wardan for the Derby.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 25 added from the town racing-fund, for two year olds 7st, and three 9st; the winner to be sold for £200, if demanded, &c.; T.Y.C.; 9 subs.

Mr. W. Edwards' ch. f. *Remnant*, by Cain—Burden, 2 yrs	Cotton	0
Mr. Sadler's Caracole, 3 yrs	Conelly	0
Lord Lynedoch's Retamosa, 3 yrs	Stephenson	
Mr. Jenny's Miss Hawk, by Buzzard, 3 yrs	Rogers	
Mr. Greville's Trojana, by Priam, out of Whimsey, 2 yrs	Nat	
Mr. Howe's b. c. by Recovery, out of The Nun, 2 yrs	Chapple	
Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Negus, 2 yrs	Pavis	
Duke of Rutland's b. f. Scintilla, sister to Flambeau, 2 yrs	Mann	

Betting.—2 to 1 against Caracole, and 3 to 1 against Remnant. Caracole made the running, followed by Remnant, Trojana, and the Recovery colt, with scarcely any variation to the cords, where Remnant went to Caracole, and the two, singling themselves out, ran head and head to the chair, finishing with a dead heat. Trojana and the Recovery colt were close up, nearly abreast, the filly, perhaps, having a trifle the best of it; Negus was also well up; Scintilla (last) and Retamosa were beaten off. The stakes were divided, and Remnant walked over. The starting for this and the plate race was excellent.

The *Clearwell Stakes* of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 5lb; the winner of the July Stakes to carry 7lb extra; T.Y.C.; 29 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. *Crucifix*, by Priam—Carmelite's dam (7lb extra)	J. Day, jr.	1
Gen. Yates' b. c. Gibraltar, bro. to Tarick	Pavis	2
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Capote, by Velocipede—Mantilla	J. Day	3
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Sultan, out of Marinella	Darling	4
Mr. Greville's ch. c. Perseus, by Emilius, out of Victoire	Nat	5
Lord Albemarle's Spangle, by Cœsus, out of Variella	E. Edwards	6

Betting.—9 to 2 on Crucifix, and 10 to 1 against Gibraltar; Lord G. Bentinck declared to win with the mare. After one or two failures, and a delay of about ten minutes, occasioned by a little restiveness on the part of Crucifix, the lot got away in tolerable order, Capote leading at a good pace, with the favorites about three quarters of a length behind, and nothing else within several yards of them; the pace continued good to the new ground, where Capote resigned the lead to the mare, and Gibraltar took second place; it was not, however, till she reached the cords that he was enabled to get to her side—and it then looked like a race; it was only for a moment, however, for on being hustled a little, she shook him off, and was just clear of him as she passed the chair. Capote was about two lengths behind the second, but the other three made a very indifferent finish of it. There are two opinions as to the merit of this victory—some insist that the mare was "called upon," others that she won easy; it certainly appeared to us to be a less finished performance than either of her previous races She was afterwards backed for the Oaks at 3 to 1.

The evening betting was not by any means heavy, owing, no doubt, to the attendance of several members at a meeting of the Jockey Club, held for the purpose of ballotting for new members, and discussing alterations in some of the laws of racing. The Cesarewitch Stakes was only slightly speculated on; sufficiently so, however, to show that Mickleton Maid's friends were again in force; 7 to 2 was taken about her, and if there was any choice between her and the Irish mare, it was in her favor. Joannina rose to 7 to 1, and Quo Minus to 9 to 1 (taken); and 10 to 1 was taken to a small sum about Quicksilver. Science gave way two or three points, and Primefit disappeared in toto. The Derby betting was flat, but not without some fluctuations; 20, 21, and 22 to 1 were severally laid against Wardan, the smallest of the three prices (taken in hundreds) being the final one. Angelica was backed for three or four hundred pounds at 30 to 1, and Brother to Melbourne two or three times, for small amounts, at 33 to 1. Glenorchy retrograded three points, and was entirely friendless. Offers to take 50 to 1 about the Marinella colt. The odds up to six o'clock were as under:—

CESAREWITCH STAKES.

7 to 2 agst Mickleton Maid (taken)	9 to 1 agst Quo Minus (taken)
7 to 2 —— Cruiskeen (taken)	10 to 1 —— Quicksilver (taken)
7 to 1 —— Joannina	15 to 1 —— Merrythought (taken)
8 to 1 —— Science (taken)	

THE DERBY.

20 to 1 agst Launcelot (taken)	33 to 1 agst Bro. to Melbourne (tk)
20 to 1 —— Wardan (tk & aftds off'd)	40 to 1 —— Marinella colt (tk)
23 to 1 —— Glenorchy	40 to 1 —— Gambia
30 to 1 —— Angelica colt (taken)	

OAKS.

3 to 1 one offered agst Crucifix.

[At one of the sporting houses in the town 1000 to 50 against Crucifix winning the Oaks and St. Leger was taken three or four times.]

At the Jockey Club dinner Lord Milltown took 2000 to 200 that Cruiskeen carried 7 st. and won! (unpleasant news for other parts who had backed her on the faith of her carrying the proper weight, 6st. 6 lbs.).—300 to 100 was laid on her against Quo Minus, 800 to 100 against the latter outright, and 500 on the field against Cruiskeen and Mickleton Maid. By referring to the race it will be seen that Cruiskeen carried 6 st. 6 lbs. only, and that Lord Miltown, as a matter of course, lost his bet.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16.

The town, from an early hour in the morning, was on the *qui vive*, so great was the interest excited by the approaching race; carr agest, post-chaises, and flys rattled in from all quarters, and by twelve o'clock every tavern in the town full; the new arrivals comprised Counts Potoki and Kalkreutz, Marquis of Waterford, Marquis of Tavistock, Marquis of Normanby, Lord Hardwick, Lord Orford, and J. Stanley, Esq; the Earl and Countess of Albemarle, and the Earl and Countess of Lichfield arrived on Tuesday. Fortunately for all parties the weather proved favorable.

The ring was large, and the betting on the Cesarewitch Stakes uncommonly brisk up to one o'clock. Science, contrary to all reasonable expectation, camp again with such force that at one time 2 to 1 was taken to two or three hundree pounds; her closing price in the town did not exceed 5 to 2 (takers); Mickleton Maid averaged 7 to 2; and Cruiskeen 4 to 1; very little change in the others. The only Derby bets were 300 to 400 on Glenorchy against Angelica, and 28 to 1 each against Angelica and Brother to Euclid.

Previous to the races the following blood stock were sold:—

Minnetta, by Woful, out of Posthuma; covered by Ishmael	59gs
Eve, by Paulowitz, out of Berenice; covered by Ishmael	50
Brown filly, 2 yrs, by Buzzard, dam by Saracen, out of Pawn Junior	49
Liska (foaled in 1830), by Lottery, out of Flora; covered by Clearwell	46
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs, by Vanish, out of Raby's dam	42
Grey yearling filly, by Clearwell, out of Liska	41
B. f., 3 yrs, by Brutandorf, dam by Lottery, grandam Stotford's dam; covered by St. Luke	26
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs, by St. Patrick, out of Problem	25
Madcap, by Bedlamite, out of Coma; covered by Scroggins	10

The racing came off as follows:—

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, h. ft, A.F.; 6 subs.

Duke of Grafton's *Montreal*, 7st 7lb	Pavis	1
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, 6st 10lb	Pettit	2
Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, 7st	Nat	3

Betting: The betting in the town was 6 to 4 on Montreal, and 7 to 4 agst Flambeau; on the heath the only change was in the latter, who was at one time at 2 to 1, but closed at 10 to 6; liberal offers were made agst Bosphorus, who was not backed.—Bosphorus made strong running into the bottom, where Montreal took the lead from him, kept it, and won cleverly by half a length. Flambeau could not live the pace, and ran a beaten horse from the beginning.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; two year olds 7st 3lb, three 9st, fillies allowed 3lb; T.Y.C.; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs, &c.; 4 subs.

Mr. Fyson's ch. f. by Augustus, out of Amoret	Nat	1
Lord Lichfield's Sister to Hector	Wakefield	2
Mr. Etwall's Hill Coolie	W. Day	3
Mr. Shelley's Adah	Chapple	4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Hill Coolie, who made the running, with Adah alongside, as far as the new ground, where Sister to Hector ran by them; her lead lasted until within a few strides of the chair, when Nat came out *a la* Chifney, and won by half a length; Adah fell astern on entering the cords.

The *Cæsarewitch Stakes*, a free handicap sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, with 300 added, the gift of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Cesarewitch; to start at the starting-post of the T. M. M., and run to the end of the flat; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes; the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger or Cup, to carry 5lb, of both 10lb extra; and the winner of handicap stakes, value 200 sovs, including his own stake, between the 4th of September inclusive, and the time of starting, to carry 3lb extra for each time of winning; 26 subs.

Lord Miltown's *Cruiskeen*, by Sir Hercules, 5 yrs, 6st (and 6lb ex)	Neptune Stag.	1
Mr. Bowes' Mickleton Maid, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb	C. J. Edwards.	2
Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb	Rogers	3
Mr. I. Day's Science, 3 yrs, 5st 5lb	Howlett	0
Mr. Ford's Quo Minus, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb	Robinson	0
General Grosvenor's Merrythought, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb	Wakefield	0
Duke of Portland's Polydorus, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb	Nat	0
Mr. Newton's Vicuna, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb	Pavis	0
Lord Jersey's Joannina, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb (and 3lb extra)	Cotton	0
Mr. Etwall's Primefit, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb (carried 5lb over weight)	W. Day	0

Betting: The betting on the heath varied, in two or three respects, from the quotations in the town; Science and Cruiskeen were for some time nearly equal favorites, the former, with backers at 3 to 1, having the call; before the ring finally broke up, however, the Irish party mustered in great force, took 3 to 1 about their mare till no one would bet more than 5 to 2, and gave her a positive advantage over Science, agst whom 3 to 1 was offered currently; 4 to 1, at the same time, went begging about Mickleton Maid. Quo Minus closed at 7 to 1, and Joannina at 8 to 1; the others were not mentioned.—Primefit took a lead of a length and a half at a tremendous pace, followed by Science and Merrythought, with the others well laid up; they kept so to the ditch, where Primefit proved that it was a bad fit by exchanging the front for the rear; Merrythought followed suit; Science was now left in front, with Mickleton Maid second, and Cruiskeen third; and so they ran to the new ground, where Science succumbed to the pace, and Mickleton Maid, followed by Cruiskeen Quo Minus, Quicksilver, and Joannina, went on with the running. Cruiskeen, who had been going well, and had from the beginning looked like a winner, headed Mickleton Maid at the bushes, at which point Quicksilver, from a slight diminution in the speed, became third in the race, nothing else having the slightest chance. The two fillies kept close company halfway up the cords, and there the race ended. Cruiskeen, persuaded by a gentle touch of the spur, placed half her length in front, and by just "that same" won the race. Quicksilver was two lengths behind the second, Science fourth, Joannina fifth, Polydorus sixth, Quo Minus seventh, Vicuna eighth, Primefit ninth, and Merrythought last, with unequivocal tailing. Neptune Stag rode the winner with commendable patience; nor ought we to pass over a clever little boy of aqu name of Edwards, a son of "old Harry;" he rode Mickleton Maid remarkably well. It was stated, and truly, we believe, that Lord Miltown netted £7.000 by the race. Cruiskeen was trained by James Farrall, brother to the Clerk of Epsom races.

The betting after the races was exclusively on the Cambridgeshire Stakes; the quotations will show the public opinion on Mickleton Maid's performance:—

6 to 5 agst Mr. Bowes' two (tk)	40 to 1 agst Camelino
2 to 1 —— Mickleton Maid (tk)	100 to 7 —— Roscius
5 to 1 —— Hetman Platoff	100 to 5 —— Alemdar
9 to 1 —— Quo Minus (tk)	

THURSDAY, October 17.

The settling for the Cesarewitch Stakes took place this morning, and passed off quietly, although some of the balances were almost as large as the late St. Leger. This ceremony lasted until between twelve and one o'clock, and was followed by some Derby betting. 2,000 to 100, and 1,800 to 100 were laid agst St. Andrew and Snoozer jointly, and 2,100 to 100 agst St. Andrew singly. The Angelica colt was also in favor with his noble owner, who backed him, at the Rooms, agst Wardan for 2,000 even; 1,000 to 800 was laid twice this morning on him agst Glenorchy, who, as well as Muley Ishmael, declined in favor after sweating. The prices up to race time were

14 to 1 agst Muley Ishmael	21 to 1 agst St. Andrew (tk)
18 to 1 —— Launcelot (tk)	3000 to 75 —— Bro. to Melbourne (tk)
18 to 1 —— Wardan (tk)	1000 to 25 —— Lucetta colt (tk)
18 to 1 —— Mr. Robinson's two (tk)	40 to 1 —— Perseus
20 to 1 —— Angelica colt	60 to 1 —— Marinella colt

500 even on the field agst Lord Jersey's, Scott's and John Day's lots, and 11 to 10 afterwards offered on the field
1200 to 200 on Wardan against Snoozer (tk).
1000 even between Marinella and Snoozer.
3000 to 10 agst Angelica, Crucifix, and Gibraltar winning Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger (tk).
3000 to 10 agst Wardan, Crucifix, and Gibraltar, for same events (tk).
3000 to 10 agst Bro. to Euclid, Crucifix, and Gibraltar, for same events (tk).

ST. LEGER.

Offers to take 10 to 1 about Crucifix. 33 to 1 laid agst Gibraltar.

At the sale this morning the following lots were sold:—Secundus, 3 yrs., by Scipio, 100 gs; Sister to Tableau, 3 yrs., by Emancipation, 28 gs.; and br. colt 2 yrs, by Belzoni, out of Zillah, 46 gs.

The list produced the following results:—

Handicap Plate of £100; A.F.

Colonel Peel's c. by Longwaist, out of Heron's dam, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb (carried 6st 2lb)	Cotton	1
Lord Miltown's Medea, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb	Neptune Stag	2
Mr. Rush's ch. g. Obelisk, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb	Robinson	3
Mr. Wilson's Louisa, 3 yrs, 7st	Chapple	4
Lord Lichfield's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Wings, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb	Howlett	5
Mr. Shelley's The Drama, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	Pettit	6

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Louisa (tk), 4 to 1 agst The Drama, 4 to 1 agst Wings colt, 9 to 2 agst Medea, and 6 to 1 agst the Longwaist colt, who was not in any demand. The running was made by Medea, followed by Louisa and the Longwaist colt to the bottom, where the Colonel's colt went in front, remained there to the end, and won easily by a length. The Wings colt and The Drama were beaten some distance from home.

Match, 100, h. ft, 8st 4lb each; T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's *Proteus*	Nat	1
Lord Stradbroke's Algy	Wakefield	2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Algy.—Proteus had the lead till halfway up the cords, where Algy challenged, and they ran nearly head and head to the chair, the non-favorite having his in front just in time to secure the victory. Before starting 1000 to 3 was offered agst either of them for the Derby.

The *Town Plate* of £50; 3 year olds 7st 4lb, four 8st 4lb, five 8st 11lb, six and aged 9st 11b.; T.M.M.; the winner to be sold for 200, &c.

Mr. Etwall's *Primefit*, 4 yrs	J. Day	1
Lord Exeter's Adrian, 5 yrs	Darling	2
Mr. Shackle's Caracole, 3 yrs	Pavis	3
Mr. Shelley's The Drama, 3 yrs	Wakefield	4
Mr. Hornsby's Romania, 4 yrs	Hornsby	5

Betting: Even on Primefit, 7 to 2 agst Romania, 5 to 1 agst Adrian, 6 to 1 agst Caracole, and 6 to 1 agst The Drama.—Caracole cut out the work to the T.Y.C. winning post, followed by Primefit and Adrian; Primefit then went on with the running, Adrian waiting on her to the cords, where he went up, headed her, and appeared to be winning, but stopped two or three strides from the chair, and was beaten by a head; nothing was near the two.

Match, 25 sovs, 10 ft; first half of Ab. M.

Colonel Peel's f. by The Colonel, out of Mary Anne, 2 yrs, 6st 2lb	rec'd ft.	
From Lord Miltown's Medea, 3 yrs, 9st.		

The betting after the races confirmed the demonstration against Lord Jersey's horses, alluded to in our report of the business transacted in the morning. 16 to 1 was taken about Launcelot, 18 to 1 about Wardan, and offers made to back either of them agst Muley Ishmael or Glenorchy. There was no other change worth notice. The last prices were as under:—

7 to 2 agst Scott's lot (tk 4 to 1)	20 to 1 agst Angelica colt
16 to 1 —— Launcelot (tk)	28 to 1 —— Bro. to Euclid (tk)
18 to 1 —— Wardan (tk)	40 to 1 —— Molineux
20 to 1 —— St. Andrew	1000 to 15 —— Marinella colt (tk)

1000 even between Marinella colt and Black Beck.

No price was quoted agst either of Lord Jersey's two.

CESAREWITCH STAKES.

7 to 4 agst Mickleton Maid (taken, and afterwards offered)
5 to 1 —— Hetman Platoff (no backers)
10 to 1 —— Quo Minus (no backers)
14 to 1 —— Camelino (take 16 to 1)

FRIDAY, Oct. 18.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 25 added from the Town Racing Fund; for two year olds; T.Y.C.; 7 subs.

Mr. Greville's *Trojana*, 7st 13lb	Nat	1
Mr. Worrall's Maid of Ipswich, 8st 7lb	Rogers	2
Mr. Pettit's Miss Romer, 7st 7lb	Pettit	3
Mr. E. Peel's Negus, 7st 9lb	Pavis	4

Mr. Rayner's Ten-pound-note, 8st 4lb, Mr. Fyson's f. by Augustus, out of Amoret, 8st 3lb, and Col. Peel's f. by Velocipede, out of Malibran, 7st 4lb, were entered and declared not to start in the town about twelve o'clock, previous to which the Malibran filly had been backed at 7 to 4 and 2 to 1, Ten-pound-note at 5 to 2, and several bets made between them and the field; 3 to 1 was also betted against Trojana. The closing prices on the heath were, 10 to 6 against Negus, 2 to 1 against Trojana, and 4 to 1 against Miss Romer. Miss Romer made the running till near the cords, where Trojana ran by her and won cleverly by a length; the last was beaten about three lengths from the winner.

The *Prendergast Stakes* of 50 sovs each, h. ft, for two year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 5lb; T.Y.C.; 25 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. *Crucifix*	J. Day	1
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Capote	W. Day	0
Col. Anson's Nicholas	S. Chifney	0

Betting: 9 to 2 on Crucifix, with whom Lord George Bentinck declared to win. Capote cut out the work for the mare till near the cords; she then went on with it on her own account, and won in a canter. Nicholas had a tussle up the cords with Capote, and made a dead heat for second place.

The weather was unfavorable in the early part of the day, but cleared up during the races, and continued fine to the end. The attendance was respectable, but not so numerous as on the previous day.

The only Derby bets we have heard since our last quotation were 5,000 to 4000 on Wardan against Angelica colt, and 28 to 1 against Bro. to Euclid; 14 to 1 was offered agst Lord Exeter's lot, and 5 to 1 agst Crucifix winning the Criterion and the Oaks.

Bell's Life.

Agricultural.

BAKEWELL, OR DISHLEY, OR NEW LEICESTER SHEEP.

The intelligent reader need not be told, that these names are synonymous—*Bakewell* being the breeder, and *Dishley* the name of his farm in *Leicester*—Hence this race of sheep are called indifferently by either of these names.

Of this breed of sheep it is observed by that distinguished and enlightened promoter of improvements in American agriculture, Col. J. H. Powel—"Dishley sheep are remarkable for arriving early at maturity, for consuming less food, laying on more fat, and affording more weight with less offal, than any family of sheep known."

We are of opinion that for farmers who reside near flat lands of our tide waters, and for all who reside near our large cities, this family of sheep is to be most highly esteemed, but like the Durham cattle they will not *drive* so well as the South Down. They combine with short legs, too great a propensity to fat. Governor Stevens, who bore off the prizes for best ewes and wethers, (both being Bakewell) at the late Cattle Show at Easton, (although run up to the girth by Gen. T. Tilghman, who took for second best ewes, they too being Bakewell, N. Martin, Esq. and some others,) says that if well kept, and kept over four years, they are apt to suffocate and die of fat. He proposes not to keep his sheep over three. He and Mr. Martin and the Messrs. Lloyd's, and some others in that county, Talbot, where sheep husbandry, or the rearing of sheep for the butcher, is as well understood and judiciously followed as in any part of Maryland, have no trouble in selling their sheep for seven dollars a head, when the ordinary price is not more than four or five. In their flocks the Dishley or Bakewell blood greatly predominates. Another writer, well acquainted with the properties of the different breeds most approved in England, says of the Dishley—

"The principal recommendations of this breed are its beauty and its fullness of form, comprising in the same apparent dimensions greater weight than any other sheep; an early maturity and a propensity to fatten, equalled by no other breed; a diminution in the proportion of offal, and the return of most money for the quantity of food consumed."

To the young farmer it may be of service to add from the same writer the following clear and judicious remarks on the points and shape which go to constitute excellence in the form of a perfect Bakewell:—

"The head should be hornless, long, small, tapering towards the muzzle, and projecting horizontally forwards. The eyes prominent, but with a quiet expression. The ears thin, rather long, and directed backwards. The neck full and broad at its base where it proceeds from the chest, but gradually tapering towards the head, and being particularly fine at the junction of the head and neck; the neck seeming to project straight from the chest, so that there is, with the slightest possible deviation, one continual horizontal line from the rump to the poll. The breast broad and full; the shoulders also broad and round, and no uneven or angular formation where the shoulders join either the neck or the back, particularly no rising of the withers, or hollow behind the situation of these bones. The arm fleshy through its whole extent, and even down to the knee. The bones of the legs small, standing wide apart, no looseness of skin about them, and comparatively bare of wool. The chest and barrel at once deep and round; the ribs forming a considerable arch from the spine, so as in some cases, and especially when the animal is in good condition, to make the apparent width of the chest even greater than the depth. The barrel ribbed well home, no irregularity of line on the back or the belly, but, on the sides, the carcass very gradually diminishing in width towards the rump. The quarters long and full, and, as with the fore legs, the muscles extending down to the hock; the thighs also wide and full. The legs of a moderate length, the pelt also moderately thin, but soft and elastic, and covered with a good quantity of white wool, not so long as in some breeds, but considerably finer.

"This account combines the main excellences both of Bakewell's own breed, and Culley's variety or improvement of it. It is precisely the form for a sheep provided with plenty of good food, and without any great distance to travel or exercise to make in gathering it.

"The principal recommendations of this breed are its beauty and its fulness of form, comprising, in the same apparent dimensions, greater weight than any other sheep; an early maturity, and a propensity to fatten equalled by no other breed; a diminution in the proportion of offal, and the return of most money for the quantity of food consumed."

Under the full conviction that the genuine Bakewell may be employed with immense advantage in crossing any of our common breeds, and that, except where the finest wool is the object (and then recourse must be had to the Saxony) a touch of this blood will be followed by an immediate and obvious improvement of form, with much increased propensity to fatten; a gentleman of adequate means and corresponding liberality, recently consented that we should order the best to be had in "the three kingdoms," and we believe we have found them in Ireland.—In the expectation of getting something very superior, we are expecting hogs for the same gentleman, (Dr. Rogers Hoffman) from the writer of the following letter. It is deemed best to record it, as connected with an importation which may hereafter be referred to as the origin of a marked improvement of the sheep of our country. It cannot be expected, were it advisable, that every one should have the full blood. They are very costly to import, and the increase from this importation would be too slow to admit of it. The males only will be for sale for some years to come, but every farmer that can procure one, should have a thorough bred male, to give form, fatness and earlier maturity to his common sheep.—There is not, (as we said before, except where fine wool for the manufacturer is the object,) a family of sheep that would not be benefitted by the cross. In fact, says the foreign writer before quoted, "he has improved if he has not given the principal value to all other long wooled sheep."

It was after much careful inquiry that we selected Mr. Murdoch's flock as the one from which to procure the "true grit" sort of sheep—the "genooine article." Those who may desire to be supplied with rams may now be registered. They will be sold under our direction. We will guarantee the legitimacy of such as are sold. As the stock imported is but eight ewes, there will probably be not more than four rams. The price cannot yet be stated. It will not be less than 50, nor more than $100. Half bloods from large long wooled country ewes will be sold for $10. Only the very best of these will be sold at all. All of inferior quality will be deprived of their commission to propagate. The half-blood will give in their progeny, by common sheep, ¾ blood, which will be visible to the most careless observer; and will be as heavy a dip as many farmers would desire. Extract from Mr. Murdoch of Ireland, to J. S. & T. B. Skinner, of Baltimore:

Dear Sirs,—I received your esteemed favor of the 19th of September, and in reply beg leave to say, that the sheep and pigs you have ordered shall be forwarded from Liverpool. The sheep I could not replace at our national show for double the price I charge you. They are bred from a ram that cost one hundred guineas. I trust they will turn out fully to your satisfaction. I write you these particulars by the Great Western, to let you know I received your order, and if the vessel for Baltimore should sail about first of November, most likely I will see them fixed myself, as I intend being over about that time. If you would send us a quantity of your good wheat, we could use it, and it would, at market price, pay well enough. I generally get ground at my flour mills two thousand tons of two thousand two hundred and forty pounds per annum, and some years may do double that quantity. I will have to use half that quantity of foreign, to mix with the native wheat, the quality of which is so inferior. I paid last year £18 per ton of 2240 lbs. for nearly two hundred tons.

DEVONSHIRE OXEN.

PEDIGREE AND WEIGHT OF A PAIR OF DEVONSHIRE OXEN, RAISED AND FATTENED BY S. AND R. HURLBUT, OF WINCHESTER, CONNECTICUT.

To the Editor of the New York Farmer:—Sir,—Having been occupied, from my earliest years, in that rural and *primary* science of *general husbandry*—Agriculture—I assure you I feel much pleasure in handing to you the annexed copy of a letter I received from S. & L. Hurlbut, Esqs., of Winchester, Connecticut, in which they state the pedigrees and particulars of a pair of extraordinary fat and handsome Devonshire Oxen, which were *bred, worked and fattened*, by those gentlemen on their farm. Yours, C.

Winchester, Ct., March 12.

"Sir,—The pair of fat Devonshire oxen of ours, butchered in New York last week, were sired by our full blooded Devon bull, *Holkham*, which we purchased of Mr. Patterson, of Baltimore, when four months old, and is doubtless one of the finest bulls ever in America. He is from a cow and a bull sent to Mr. Patterson by the Duke William Colte of Norfolk, England.

The two oxen were out of two cows termed native breed, which breed originated from England, and were brought over by the first settlers of Connecticut, and were doubtless originally Devon, as they resemble that breed very much.

The pair of oxen have labored on the farm since they were one year old, until within 21 months past. Below you have their weights.

Yours, respectfully, S. & L. HURLBUT.

To Mr. Fisher:—

Near Side Ox.		*Off side Ox.*	
Quarters,	1438	Quarters,	1528
Tallow,	175	Tallow,	213
Hide,	117	Hide	115
	—1730		—1856

To the above we here add a communication from a gentleman of close observation and strict impartiality, and do not hesitate to congratulate the readers of the American Farmer on its having attracted his notice, in the earnest hope that he will occasionally favor us in the same way.

Philadelphia, 22d August, 1839.

To the Editor of the American Farmer:—Sir,—In your paper of the 14th inst. there is an editorial article which has afforded me great pleasure. I allude to the one in which you state your opinion of the respective merits of different breeds of neat cattle. As you mention your purpose of writing more fully on the subject in some future number, I think it may not be amiss to furnish you with extracts from notes taken by me during a residence of some months in England; so that you may have facts, in addition to those which I doubt not you already possess, to sustain what I think a tenable position, namely, that the North Devons are decidedly the best breed of cattle that can be introduced into this country.

I believe I go farther than you do in esteeming the Devons superior to the Short-horns even for the fertile grass and corn lands of the west and southwest. But I do so esteem them, and a conversation I had some months since with an eminent grazier and cattle dealer from the Scioto Valley, in Ohio, tended strongly to confirm me in my opinion. He stated that he had had much experience with Short-horns and their crosses; that there was no doubt of their great aptitude to feed well and at an early age, and to acquire great weight; but that there their advantages stopped; that they did not bear a journey well. In fact, he found that they lost flesh, when in a drove, about in proportion as they were well bred. A quarter bred animal would drive better than a half bred, a half bred than a three-quarter bred, and so on. Now, if the Short-horns do not drive well, where is their superiority for the districts mentioned? They have not a home market to consume their cattle, which must be driven. The grazier above mentioned said the difference in loss of weight was so great as forcibly to attract his attention at a time when the Short-horns were in very high favor with him. I have forgotten the exact proportionate loss that he mentioned, but it was so large as to make him chary of starting the half breeds in a drove.—There is one point which I think the western graziers overlook in preferring the Short-horns, namely, the weight of beef that can be raised on a given quantity of land or food. The preference is given to the largest animal, the one that makes the greatest weight on the hoof. I believe the Devons will make a great deal more beef from a given quantity of food than the Short-horns, but it is true there must be a few more of them to carry it.

But to the extracts. When in Norfolk, England, I spent some time with Mr. John Bloomfield, at Wareham, who has a large farm, a part of the estate of the Earl of Leicester (Mr. Coke). His farm is within three or four miles of Holkham, and is acknowledged to be one of the best managed of the estate. Mr. Bloomfield is a man of great exactness of observation, soundness of judgment, and the strictest integrity. Every confidence may be placed in his statements, and his opinions are not to be lightly esteemed. Among the notes of information he gave me, made at Wareham, I find the following:—"Medium sized stock to be preferred as yielding more beef, mutton, wool, milk, &c., than either large or small stock, under similar or ordinary circumstances." Again:—"Mr. Bloomfield's dairy of twenty cows produced an average of four pounds of butter for each cow per week during the whole year. Strict accounts were kept during several years, and the result was nearly the same in each year." Now, although four pounds a week may not at first sight appear to be a large yield, I should like any one to try if they can find a regular farmer's dairy of an equal number of cows yielding as much.

Mr. B. frequently challenged gentlemen attending the sheep-shearings at Holkham to match it with any other breed than Devons, but he was never met. It may be well to state distinctly that the average of four pounds per cow was the nett produce from all the twenty cows, in profit or out of profit, after suckling their calves for a few days, and supplying the family with cream.

Another note:—"Mr. Bloomfield's butter is of the very best quality; this is attributable to a variety of causes. The cattle are of a very good breed—Devons—and are well taken care of, being in remarkably fine condition. I never before saw a dairy of cows in such order. Great care is taken in the management, as to milking, &c., of the cows, and the method of making the butter contributes, not a little to render it good."

Yet another note:—"September, 1834.—Mr. Hancock, a London butcher, was brought by Mr. Coke to see Mr. Bloomfield's Devons. Hancock expressed himself highly delighted with the dairy and stock. Speaking generally of Devons, he said, "There are no cattle that yield such good beef, except a very few of the very best Scots. He also said he took ten shillings worth more of fat out of Devons than out of any other sort (same sized animals). Again, he said the sirloin of a Devon was longer by five inches than of any other breed (same size), and that he could cut three sirloin pieces out of a Devon, when he could only cut two from any other sort. And further, he said there is this difference between Devon and Scots; the former have less offal beef, and more roasting meat, than the latter, or than any breed he has tried. He always prefers buying Devons when he can procure them. This Mr. Hancock is the butcher who was heard to say in London by a butcher of Wells, Norfolk, that the two very best bullocks he ever hung up in his shop were of Mr. Bloomfield's feeding."

Now, sir, if you deem the above of any value, you are at liberty to make what use you please of it. I should prefer your incorporating any portion of it in your proposed remarks on cattle: but if you think fit to publish it as a communication, I have no objection.

Hoping you may succeed in calling attention to the beautiful Devons,

I remain, &c., P. H.

But there is, for the generality of planters, yet another and a serious difficulty. Supposing the objections to qualities of the improved Short-horns, as compared with the Devons, to be untenable in reference to a country where cattle, and especially *beef*, are not primary objects, but where the principal objects in view to those who do rear them are working oxen and butter. In a country where the cultivation of artificial grasses, and even the care of natural meadows is but little attended to, and where no provision whatever is made of roots or succulent food, still there is for most people an insurmountable difficulty in the *price* of the improved Short-horns.

A gentleman near the city, of ample means, and having every facility there, lately sent out to his agent in England to send him some Short horn heifers of indisputable pedigree and good points, if to be had, for not exceeding sixty guineas there, and was answered that his order could not be filled at his limit.

The editor has just received a letter from an eminent Irish breeder, who says, "I would charge for two good young bulls one hundred and fifty guineas, say seventy-five each, and for heifers such as I would recommend, in calf to my best bull, fifty guineas each, delivered by me in Belfast, a shipping port, or Liverpool; my agent seeing them shipped, all expenses charged after they are put on board. For my best bull I expect eight hundred guineas, and for my two year olds from one hundred and fifty to two hundred guineas!"

IMPORTATION OF BLOOD STOCK.

THE following are expected daily to arrive in Mobile. The yearlings will be for sale, and such an opportunity for procuring the most choice Blood of England at moderate prices, may not occur again for years.

1. *Riddlesworth* (a Stallion), 11 years old, by Emilius, (sire of Priam and Plenipo,) out of Filagree, the dam of Cobweb, and grand dam of Bay Middleton. His stock are fine, have been out, and are winners in Germany, from whence he is just purchased, and brought back by Mr. Tattersall. He is 16 hands high, and one of the most powerful horses in the kingdom. In 1831 he won the Riddlesworth, Newmarket, Dinner, and 2000 guinea Stakes, against large fields of the best horses in the country, and ran second for the Derby. In the latter race he received an injury, and though trained afterwards, was unsuccessful on the turf.
2. Bay filly, by The Colonel, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules, Langford, &c.
3. Bay filly, by Camel (sire of Touchstone), out of Codicil (the dam of Heiress), by Smolensko, out of Legacy by Beningbrough, winner of the St. Leger.
4. Ch. filly, by Langar (sire of Elis,, dam by Blacklock, out of Marchesa by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam.
5. Bay colt, by Langar, out of Malvina by Oscar, out of Spotless, the dam of Lamplighter, &c.

Riddlesworth is purchased and sent out by the order of several gentlemen of this place, and will probably stand somewhere in the vicinity of Montgomery. The yearlings were kindly put in by Mr. Tattersall to lessen the expenses on the Stallion; and having no interest in the affair but that of serving a friend, (and one, too, proverbially kind to Americans,) I can with propriety recommend them to any of my friends who wish to purchase.

Some shares in Riddlesworth will also be for sale, as the principal object of the importers is to have the use of a fine stallion for themselves and acquaintances. There is perhaps no horse in the country, except Priam, who has higher claims.

JOSIAH C. NOTT.

P.S. They may be seenduring the week of the Races in Mobile, which commence on the 26th November. [nov9]

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th Dec., 1839, instead to the 1st Tuesday. [oct26] Y. N: OLIVER, *Proprietor*

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 28th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Trude, dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus. Her dam by Highflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time, 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four, she had beaten him the week before over the Rocky Mount course, 3 mile heats, in four heats, running the last heat in 6m., but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol. 6, p. 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. fooled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's O'possum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1, p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3 51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse.—Her produce—

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training.

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons. Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr., a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co., Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam. Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15½ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia, dam of Anna Maria.

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzhorough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c.

BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 19, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS, / JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf]

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each. $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida.

D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. Great Western Stake, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

2. Grey Eagle Stake, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.

4. The Hotel Stake, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P. P.; to name at the Post, the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.

5. Gold Stake, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841.

7. Breeders' Plate, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES of $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run Spring of 1842, over the Mulberry Course; five or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1840. Now three subscribers, viz:

1. Jno. P. White names produce of Robt. White's Sir Charles mare and St. Leger.
2. Arthur M. Payne, not named.
3. Wm. L. White, not named.

Sweepstakes as above, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; six or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1841. Now two subs., viz:

John W. Coleman. Wm. L. White.

Notice.

ALL the subscribers to the Produce Stake to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1841, are requested to report if their entries are alive, their color, whether colt or filly, and all the particulars, that it may be published for the information of subscribers. Direct Secretary Mulberry Jockey Club, Fredericksburg, Va.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
GALVESTON, Texas - Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, first Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEWBERRY, S. C. - - Jockey Club Annual Races, last Thursday, 26th Dec.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
" " " Louisiana Course, Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Dec.

WINNERS OF QUEEN'S PLATES IN 1839.

Newmarket, April 16; R. C. (for mares).—Mr. Batson's ch. f. Vespertilio, by Reveller, out of Acacia, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lbs., beating Lord Jersey's b. f. Joannina, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.; Fulwar Craven's br. f. I-wish-you-may-get-it, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.; and Lord Exeter's ch. f. Mecca, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb. (broke down).

Newmarket, April 18, R. C.—Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. Grey Momus, by Comus, dam by Cervantes, 4 yrs. 9st. 8lb., walked over.

Chester, May 7, three times round.—Capt. Lamb's ch. h. Chit-chat, by Velocipede, out of Chat, 5 yrs. 10st., beating Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Picotee, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb; Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, aged, 10st. 5lb; and Mr. R. Johnstone's br h. Job Trotter, 6 yrs. 10st. 5lb.

Manchester, May 22, three miles and a distance.—Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, by Langar, dam by Don Juan, aged, 10st. 5lb., beating Mr. Dixon's b. h. Anvil, 5 yrs. 10st.

Ascot Heath, May 28; from the new mile post, once round, and in.—Mr. Pettit's b. c. St. Francis, by St. Patrick, out of surprise, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb., beating Lord Westminster's br c. Sleight-of-hand, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb; Lord Albemarle's ch. c. Domino, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb; Mr. Bowes's ch. c. Epirus, 5 yrs. 10st; Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, 5 yrs. 10st; Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. Grey Momus, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb; Capt. Gardnor's b. c. by Rowton, out of Bustle, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb; and Mr. Balchin's b. f. Launchaway, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb.

Hampton and Moulsey Hurst, June 6; heats, twice round and a distance.—Mr. Greville's b. c. Rory O'More, by Langar, dam by Whisker, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb., in two heats, beating Sir G. Heathcote's br. f. Larnaca, 4yrs. 9st. 1lb; Mr. Dockeray's b. c. Guardsman, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb; Mr. Balchin's b. g. Munchausen, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb; Capt. Ridge's gr. h., 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb; and Mr. V. King's Ruby, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, June 25; three miles.—Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Sampson, by Cetus, out of Pucelle, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb., beating Mr. Bell's b. f. La Sage Femme, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb; Mr. Stephenson's b. c. by Physician, out of Fisher Lass, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb; Mr. S. King's br. f. Juvenile, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb; Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louisa, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb; and Mr. Walker's b. f. Sweet Jessy, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.

Carlisle, July 4; four miles.—Mr. Robertson's ch. g. Olympic, by Reveller, out of Whizgig, aged, 10st., beating Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Sampson, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb.

Guildford, July 16; heats, two miles.—Mr. Bowes's ch. c. Jagger, by Actæon, out of Emma, by Whisker, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb., in three heats, beating Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Momus, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb. (broke down), and Mr. Theobald's b. m. Pauline, aged, 10 st. 2lb.

Liverpool, July 18; two mile heats.—Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar, aged, 10st. 2lb., walked over.

Edinburgh, July 23; two mile heats.—Mr. Robertson's ch. g. Olympic, by Reveller, aged, 10st. 2lb., walked over.

Winchester, July 24; two mile heats.—Mr. I. Day's br. h. Caravan, by Camel, out of Wings, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb., in two heats, beating Mr. Etwall's sister to Recruit, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb; Mr. Sadler's b. f. Deceit, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb; and Mr. Weguelin's Isabella, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb. (half-bred).

Lancaster, July 25; two mile heats.—Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, by Langar, aged, 10st. 2lb., walked over.

Goodwood, July 31; three miles and five furlongs.—Mr. I. Day's br. h. Caravan, by Camel, 5 yrs. 9st. 13lb., beating Duke of Richmond's b. c. Beggarman, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb; and Lord Lichfield's ch. c. by Actæon.—Wings, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.

Brighton (a Cup), Aug. 8; the Old Course —Mr. V. King's br. h. Ruby, by Reveller, out of Turquoise, 5 yrs. 9 st. 5lb., beating Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Carolina, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb; Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb; and Mr. Theobald's br. g. The Major, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb

Chelmsford, Aug. 13; two-mile heats.—Mr. Pettit's b. c. St. Francis, by St. Patrick, 4 yrs., 9st. 1lb., in two heats, beating General Grosvenor's ch. c. Dædalus, 4 yrs., 9st. 1lb; and Mr. Palmer's b. h. Carbine, 5 yrs., 9st. 11lb.

Salisbury, Aug. 14; three miles.—Mr. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel, 5 yrs., 10st., beating Fulwar Craven's b. f. Deception, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb; and Mr. Sadler's b. f. Deceit, 3 yrs., 8st., 2lb.

Lewes, Aug. 15; heats, the New Course.—Duke of Richmond's b. h. Mus, by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, 6 yrs., 10st., 3lb., in two heats, beating Mr. V. King's br. h. Ruby, 5 yrs., 10st; Mr. Duppa's b. h. Memento, 6 yrs., 10st. 3lb; and Mr. Shelley's ch. c. Tawney Owl, 4 yrs, 9st. 6lb.

York, Aug. 21; two miles—Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, out of an Ardrossan mare, 6 yrs., 9st. 7lb., beating Mr. Robinson's b. h. Melbourne, 5 yrs., 9st. 4lb; Mr. Bowes's ch. h. Epirus, 5 yrs., 9st. 4lb; and Mr. Milner's b. c. Humphrey, 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb.

Plymouth, Devonport, and Cornwall (a Gold Shield), Aug. 22; three-mile heats.—Mr. W. Ley's gr. g. Vasa, by Gustavus, out of Marrowfat, 3 yrs., 8st. 9lb., walked over.

Ipswich, Aug. 27; two mile heats.—Mr. Pettit's b. c. St. Francis, by St. Patrick, 4 yrs., 9st. 1lb., beating, in one heat, Mr. Clarke's b. g. Resurrection, 6 yrs., 10st. 12lb.

Egham, Aug. 28; two miles and a distance.—Mr. I. Day's br. h. Caravan, by Camel, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb., beating Sir G. Heathcote's bl. c. Oroonoko, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb; Mr. W. Scott's b. f. Fame, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb; Duke of Richmond's b. h. Mus, 6 yrs., 10st. 2lb; and Mr. Corbet's br. f. Jenny Jones, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb.

Canterbury, Aug 28; two mile-heats.—Mr. Hornsby's ch. f. Romania, by, Sultan, out of Ramona, 4 yrs., 9st. 6lb., in two heats, beating Mr. Aumont's b. h. Mr. Waggs, 6 yrs., 10st. 3lb.

Northampton, Aug. 28; three miles.—Duke of Richmond's ch. f Confusionee, by Emilius, out of Young Maniac, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb., beating General Grosvenor's ch. c. Dædalus, 4 yrs., 9st. 1lb; Mr. Dewey's ch. c. Kensington, 4 yrs., 9st. 1lb; and Mr. Coleman's b. h. Calmack, 6 yrs,, 10st.

Weymouth, Aug. 29; two-mile heats.—Fulwar Craven's b. f. Deception, by Defence, out of Lady Stumps, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb, walked over.

Warwick, Sept. 5; two-mile heats.—Mr. I. Day's br. h. Caravan, by Camel, 5 yrs., 10st., in two heats, beating Duke of Richmond's ch. f. Confusionee, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb; and Mr. Collin's gr. g. Isaac, aged, 10st. 3lb.

Richmond, (for mares), Sept. 5; three miles.—Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, 6 yrs., 9st. 5lb. beating Mr. Bowes's ch. f. Mickleton Maid, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb.

Lichfield, Sept. 10; two-mile heats.—Hon. S. Herbert's b. c. Clarion, by Sultan, out of Clara, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb., in two heats, beating Mr Buckley's ch. c. Charley, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb; and Mr. Calloway's br. h. Goshawk, 5 yrs., 10st.

Leicester, Sept. 11: three times round.—Mr. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, by Figaro, out of sister to Bourbon, aged, 10st. beating Mr. Wood's b. f. by Norton, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb; and Mr. Wildman's b. f. Pandora, (half-bred), 4 yrs., 9st. 1lb.

Doncaster, Sept. 16; four miles.—Lord Westminster's br. h. Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon, out of Puff, 5 yrs., 9st. 9lb., walked over.

Shrewsbury, Sept. 20; three miles.—Mr. Collins's gr. g. Isaac, by Figaro, aged, 10st., beating Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, 5 yrs., 9st. 9lb; Mr. Massey's Tubalcain, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb; Mr. I. Day's br. h. Caravan, 5 yrs.. 9st. 9lb; and Mr. Collins's b. f. Query, 4 yrs, 9st. 1lb.—(This race is claimed by Mr. Griffiths, on the ground that Mr. Collins started two horses, and was thereby disqualified.)

Bedford, Sept. 25; three miles.—Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. Mendizabal, by Merlin or Merchant, out of Misnomer's dam, 6 yrs., 10st., beating Mr. W. Scott's b. f. Fame, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb; and Mr. Webber's b g. Harold, aged, 10st.

Lincoln, Sept. 26; (for mares); two-mile heats.—Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, 6 yrs., 10st., walked over.

Newmarket, Oct. 3; R. C.—Mr. W. Scott's b. f. Fame, by Margrave, out of Consol's dam, 3 yrs., 9st. 2lb., beating Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. Mendizabal, 6 yrs., 11st. 4lb; Lord Exeter's Alemdar, 4 yrs.. 10st. 7lb; Mr. Worrall's b. c. Antler, 3 yrs., 9st. 2lb; and Mr. Corbet's br. f. Jenny Jones, 3 yrs., 9st. 2lb.

Caledonian Hunt (Cupar), Oct. 4; four miles.—Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Lanercost, by Liverpool, out of Otis, 4 yrs., 9st., beating Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

Nottingham, Oct. 11; two-mile heats.—Mrs. Massey's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, out of Mermaid, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb., beating Mr. H. Robinson's b. h. Melbourne, 5 yrs., 9st. 11lb; and Mr. Scott's b. m. Whisp (h-b), 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb.

WINNERS OF QUEEN'S PLATES IN IRELAND, 1839.

Curragh, April 23, (for mares); four miles.—Mr Fitzpatrick's b m Waitstill, by Alcaston, 6 yrs, 9st, beating Mr Montgomery's b m Jenny Jones. 5yrs, 8st 13lb: Mr Digby's bl f Jet, by Sir Hercules, 4yrs, 8st 8lb; and Mr J. Sherlock's b f The Queen of Larks, by Skylark, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb.

Curragh, April 25, (for horses, &c); four miles.—Mr Hutchins's gr c Cregane, by Y. Lottery, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb, beating Mr Ferguson's ch c Harkaway, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb.

Curragh, April 27, (for three year olds); three miles.—Mr Hutchins's gr c Cregane, by Y. Lottery, 8st 5lb, beating Mr Knox's ch c George, 8st 5lb; Mr Watts's br c M.P., by Y. Blacklock, 8st 5lb; Mr Burke's b f Alba, sister to Corsair, by Dandy, 8st 2lb; Mr Fortescue's b c by Damian de Lacy, out of Ally Croker, 8st 5lb; and Mr Nolan's b c by Skylark, 8st 5lb.

Curragh, June 11, (for three year olds, &c); four miles.—Mr St George's b f Cadot (late Heatherbell), by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb, beating Mr Montgomery's br c Salute, 4 yrs, 11st; Mr Hutchins's ch c by Vestris, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb; Mr O'Reilly's ch c Doctor O'Toole, 4 yrs, 11st; Mr Watt's b c Claret, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb; and Major Hay's br c M.P., 4 yrs, 11st.

Curragh, June 14, (for horses, &c.); three miles.—Mr St George's br c Roscius, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb, beating Mr L White's c by Picton, out of Eel, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb; Mr Montgomery's br c Salute, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb; Mr Fitzpatrick's b m Waitstill, aged, 8st 9lb; Mr Watt's ch c Bryan, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb; Mr Murphy's ch c by Napoleon, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb.

Bellewstown, June 27, (for Irish bred horses, &c.); three mile heats.—Mr Barry's gr h Arthur, by Sir Hercules, 6 yrs, 8st 13lb, in two heats, beating Mr Fortescue's b c by Damian, 4 yrs, 8st; and Mr Igoe's ch c Clinker, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.

Down Royal Corporation, July 24, (for four year olds and upwards); four-mile heats.—Mr Fitzpatrick's Waitstill, aged, 8st 10lb, in two heats (the second a walk-over), beating Mr Graydon's ch c Clinker, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb.

Down Royal Corporation, July 26; two-mile heats.—Mr Whittle's b h Revenge, aged, 9st 5lb, in two heats, beating Mr Graydon's br f Cadot (late Heatherbell), 3 yrs, 6st 4lb; and Mr Martin's b f Anne, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb.

Curragh, July 25, (for three and four year olds); two miles.—Mr Harrison's ch c by Recovery, out of Taglioni, 3 yrs, 7st, beating Mr Watts's br c Clone, 3 yrs, 7st; Mr Davis's b f Romp, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb; Mr Graydon's b f Alba, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; and Col. Westenra's ch. f. Verona, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.

Curragh, July 26, (for three year olds and upwards); four miles.—Mr. Graydon's b f Alba, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb. beating Major Hay's br. c. M.P., 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb; Mr. Hutchins's ch. c. by Vestris, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb.; and Mr. Montgomery's br. c. Salute, 4 yrs., 8st 12lb.

Curragh, Sept. 4, (for three year olds and upwards); four miles.—Major Hay's br. c. M.P., by Y. Blacklock, 4 yrs., 11st., beating Mr. Graydon's ch. c by Philip, 3 yrs., 9st. 9lb; Mr. H. Browne's b. h. Pilgarlick, 5 yrs., 11st. 10lb.; Mr. T. Kelly's b. c. Eclipse, by Vestris, 3 yrs., 9st. 9lb.; Mr. Hutchins's gr. c. Cregane, 4 yrs., 11st.; and Lord de Freyne's br. c. Pietro, by Pilgrim, 4 yrs., 11st.

Curragh, Sept. 5, (for three year old colts and fillies); two miles.—Mr. Harrison's ch. c. by Recovery, out of Taglioni, 8st. 5lb., beating Mr. Holmes's b. f. Mustard, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Kelly's b. c. Eclipse, 8st. 5lb.; and Mr. Cannon's b. c. Hazard, 8st. 5lb.

Curragh, Sept. 6, (for mares); four miles.—Mr. Graydon's b. f. Alba, 4 yrs. 9st. 4lb. beating Mr. Holmes's br. f. Mustard, 3 yrs., 8st.; Mr, Davis's b. f Romp, 3 yrs., 8st.; and Mr. Fitzpatrick's Waitstill, aged, 10st.

Curragh, Sept. 7, (the Lord Lieutenant's Plate, for three year olds and upwards); four miles.—Mr. Graydon's b. f. Cadot, by Blacklock, or Alcaston, 3 yrs., 6st., beating Major Hay's br. c. M.P., 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Nowlan's c. by Skylark, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.; Lord Miltown's ch. c. Lepreuchaun, 3 yrs., 6st.; and Mr. White's b. c. by Picton, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.

Curragh, Oct. 16, (for horses, &c. of all ages); three miles.—Mr. Graydon's b. f. Alba, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb., beating Mr. Davis's b. f. Romp, 3 yrs., 7st. 6lb.; Mr. Smyth's ch. c. by Philip, out of Sally, 2 yrs., a feather; Mr. Magill's ch. c. King of Kelton, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.; Mr. Harrison's b. c. Teetotum, 2 yrs., a feather; Mr. T. Kelly's b. c. Eclipse, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.; Mr. Watts's gr. c. Jack-the-Giant-killer, 2 yrs., a feather; Mr. Ferguson's gr. h. Rust, aged, 9st. 4lb.; and Mr. O'Reilly's gr. c. Bastard, 2 yrs., a feather (only two placed).

Curragh, Oct. 18, (for three year olds and upwards); four miles.—Major Hay's ch. c. by Recovery, beating Mr. Graydon's b. f. Alba, 4 yrs., 11st. 1lb.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE, FOR DECEMBER.

THE 12th No. of this work will be published in a few days, from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:
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THE TURN-OUT OF THE SEASON; on Steel, by Dick.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, November 30, 1839.

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor*.

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.

First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, $300.
Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.
Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the second best horse, if more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $1000; if but one, $800, Three mile heats.
Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.
Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Same day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.
Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
THOMAS WADSWORTH, } *Proprietors.*

c[oct 5]

THE NEWBERRY (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on Thursday, 26th December next, and continue until Wednesday, 1st January, 1840:—

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; closed with 4 subs.
1. P. E. Duncan names b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of a Tonson mare.
2. M. R. Smith names ch c. *Gov. Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director.
3. John Gist names gr. f. by Bertrand, out of a Sir Alfred mare.
4. William Eddins.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Entrance money of that and the preceding days.

On each of the above days there will be a Sweepstake for unkept and saddle nags. The track will be put in fine condition, and a large collection of good ones is fully anticipated, several stables are already engaged.

The following Stakes are also to come off as follows, a part closed and a part still open, viz.:

1. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1839. Now 8 subs., viz.:

John D. Williams. | P. E. Duncan. | Thomas B. Osborn. | William Eddins.
Myers & Henderson. | Hazel Smith. | M. R. Smith. | John Gist.

2. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1840; three or more to make a race; now 3 subs., viz.:

M. R. Smith. | P. E. Duncan. | John Gist.

3. Produce Stakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, to come off Fall Meeting of 1841, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st Feb. last, with 5 subs., viz..
1. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Hedgeford.
2. William Eddins names produce of Catherine, by Old Court, and Hualpa.
3. P. E. Duncan names produce of Betsey Barrow, by Harwood, and Young Virginian.
4. Henderson & Fair name produce of Henrietta, by Sir Henry, and Imp. Rowton.
5. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

4. Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to come off Fall Meeting of 1842, two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st January last, with 8 subs., viz.:
1. P. E. Duncan names produce of Madeloc, by Young Virginian, and Imp. Tranby.
2. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp. Emancipation.
3. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Emancipation.
4. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of a Bertrand mare, and Young Virginian.
5. Hazel Smith names produce of Leanah and Imp. Emancipation.
6. Irby & Fair name produce of a Bertrand mare and Imp. Emancipation.
7. William Eddins names produce of Claudia, by Phenomenon, and Hualpa.
8. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

[nov 23] R. STEWART, *Sec'y.*

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a red Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above— AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.
Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $100 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.
Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

CRITIC FOR SALE.

THE subscriber wishes to sell this thorough bred, and one of the best sons of Eclipse, his engagements not allowing him time to attend to such stock.

Critic received an injury early in his racing career, and was withdrawn from the turf, when he was purchased by the subscriber at a high figure, for his own breeding stud, on account of the purity of his blood, and the excellence of his points. On the Turf he was not distinguished, nor had he a fair chance of being so. He was foaled on the 29th of December, 1829, and according to our rules had to carry one years' weight more than he would have carried, had he been foaled three days afterwards. Again, he was in the hands of a new turfman, who made his debut with Critic and another colt, and although it was acknowledged that he was hard to beat at training a trotter, he became fully satisfied, by awful experience, that it required a different system for a racer. Critic ran six races, from two to four mile heats, winning two and losing four, and receiving forfeit in a seventh.

As a stallion he has had no opportunity of distinction, but circumstances considered, he will not suffer by a comparison with any horse in the country. He has but five of his get living from bred mares. Two 4 year olds, two 3 year olds, and one 2 year old now breaking. The two 4 year olds have been run. One, although thought promising, has not been a winner. The other, Buck-Eye, has run five races. At 3 yrs. old he ran two mile heats, over the Upper Marlborough Course, in sand ankle deep in 5:50—5:49, beating Wonder handily the second heat, but the race was given to Wonder on account of the rider of Buck-Eye (at the instigation of some one in the crowd,) raising his whip to strike him, although ahead, which caused him to swerve from the track about two jumps, passing round a pole standing on a straight stretch, and the only pole on the track, although a circular one. Although Buck-eye lost ground by departing from the track, he thereby describing the arch of a circle while Wonder pursued a straight line, he beat him with great ease. It was offered immediately after to run Buck-Eye against Wonder, two mile heats, for from one to five thousand dollars, and not taken. It is not here intended to detract from the high reputation which belongs to Wonder, but to render to Buck-Eye that ample justice which was not accorded to him in the report of the race. He ran last Spring at Trenton, entirely out of condition, and was beaten mile heats. This fall Buck-Eye won the three mile heats at Norfolk in 5:50—5:56. At Washington City in two weeks afterwards, he ran the three mile day in 5:48, winning with ease, but in consequence of the rider of Buck-Eye having violated a rule of the club in running on the outside of the Course in the straight run home, the purse was given to the next best horse, although it was admitted by every one, owners as well as spectators that but for that untoward circumstance, no other horse in the race had any chance. The next week he won the four mile purse of $1000, over the Kendall Course, at Baltimore. The two 3 year olds before mentioned received their first galloping this fall, and have not yet appeared upon the Turf. They are large and promising.

It is upon the aforegoing facts that I say no horse in this country has given better assurance of becoming a valuable and successful stallion than Critic. Critic is a fine chesnut over fifteen and a half hands high, with no white except a star and stripe down the face, of uncommon length, bone and substance, is a sure foal getter, and his colts are large and fine.

Pedigree—Critic was got by Eclipse, his dam Shillings' Crop mare, by Eclipse Herod, (the dam also of Joshua,) g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. Grey, sometimes called Little Medley, g. g. g. d. by Tamerlane, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Juniper, g. g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Morton's Traveller, out of the Imp. mare Selima.

Critic's dam was one of the best bottomed nags in Maryland of her day, and whenever the heats were broken at four miles, she rarely lost. Her sire, Eclipse Herod, ran forty-four races, and won thirty-six, among them the four mile heats at Leesburg, Va., for five years in succession, against Col. Hoomes' best horses. This advertisement has already spread over too large a space. Critic, 10 years old on the 29th of December next, in fine health and condition, is now at the farm of Caleb Dorsey, Esq., near Louisville, Ky., where he can be seen. He will be sold for cash, or upon a credit of one and two years, with approved security. If not sold by the 15th of January, he will be let out in Kentucky, or return to Maryland to make his next season. For terms apply to Caleb Dorsey, near Louisville, Ky., or to the subscriber, directed to Canton, Madison Co., Mississippi.

[nov 23-tjan 15] CHARLES S. W. DORSEY.

The Louisville Journal will please copy the above, and send their bill to the Galt House, directed to Caleb Dorsey.

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the *Kendall Course*, near Baltimore, Md., to wit:

THE SEWELL STAKES—Spring Meeting, 1840. The race to take place at 12 o'clock, 1st day of the meeting, with colts and fillies then 3 years old, Mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st of April by paying $50; to name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 8 subs., to wit:
1. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. James V. Wagner, not named.
4. Col. D. Jenifer, not named.
5. B. G. Harris names colt by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of the dam of Reliance.
6. Geo. W. Matthews names filly by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Attoway by Sir James.
7. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names ch. c. by Glaucus, out of Bustle by Whalebone.
8. Gen. Thos. Emery names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Betsey Wilson, the dam of Lady Clifden.

There are many more gentlemen who have promised to patronise our worthy President's stake; they will please take notice of its closing.

No. 2. Is the PETE WHETSTONE STAKES. You willall subscribe to Pete's Stake, and mind he don't beat you, he is such a quai fellow. This stake is for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1838, and to run Spring Meeting of 1841, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $200 ft. to name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 7 subs., to wit:
1. C. F. M. Noland names filly by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edwd. H. Pendleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall, not named.
4. Francis Thompson, not named.
5. W. T. Mason names Jas. Long's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel, not named.
7. Mordecai Duval names ch. f. by Charles Kemble, out of his ch. mare by Eclipse.

No. 3. Is a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1842, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now 3 subs., to wit:
1. Gov. Saml. Sprigg, not named.
2. Col. Frs. Thompson, not named.
3. Jas. B. Kendall, not named.

No. 4. Is the LADIES' STAKES, for the produce of 1840, to run Spring Meeting of 1843, Mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by paying $50 on the 1st April, 1843; to name and close on the 1st Jan., 1840. Now 20 subs., to wit:
1. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Mary Randolph and Drone.
2. David McDaniel, not named.
3. R. J. Worthington names produce of Aramenta, by May Day, and Imp. Foreigner.
4. Also, the produce of Toynell, by Arab, and Imp. Foreigner.
5. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Jemima Wilkinson, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. Also, produce of Bonnets o' Blue and Shark.
7. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Ecarte and Drone.
8. Also, produce of Medora, by John Richards

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott,
Wm. Hawkins Polk, Jesse Cage, G. W. Polk.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by } E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, Lucius J. Polk, } James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis,
L. P. Cheatham, Henry Dickinson, George Elliott,
Saml. Ragland, Alex. Barrow, Thos. Kirkman,

Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

J. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

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NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, Duncan F. Kenner, George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, W. J. Minor, A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, Fergus Duplantier, T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, G. N. Sanders, A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Haulin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to June1 G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y*

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.
Second day—Four mile heats
Third day—Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Two mile heats.
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.
Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.: three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner.

JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.* [jy 27]

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter.

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild. James Jackson. Saml. Ragland.
Thos. Barry. Jesse Cage. George Elliott. [oct5]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

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Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates. Orders, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders wherever distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addressed S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

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THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

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AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING on *Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY. was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus, Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N" of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; by Dick, after A. Cooper; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor; Memoir of Deception, by the Same; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter"; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor"; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow; "A." on Stallions; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B."; Notes of the Month; Sales of Blood Stock; New Race Courses; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839; Descriptions of the Courses; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses; Table of Abbreviation; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

The *Tenth Number*, for OCTOBER, was embellished with two very spirited and finely executed engravings on Steel; ARTAXERXES, by Dick, after Turner, and WOODCOCK SHOOTING, by the same artists.

Contents of No. X—More Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; The Newest Turn-Out, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Fifth, by Frank Forester; Memoir of Lady Clifden, by "J. J."; Crib-Biting, by Bracy Clark; How to Buy a horse, No. IV., by an Amateur; The English and American Turf, by "Blood Horse"; Turf Register; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c.

The Eleventh Number, for NOVEMBER, was embellished with a splendidly executed Engraving on Steel; WILD DUCK SHOOTING, by Dick, after Arthur.

Contents of No. XI.—More Collineomania, by "J. Cypress, Jr.;" A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Sixth, by "Frank Forester;" Price of Stallions, by "Captain;" Race-Horses, Roses, and Pretty Women, by "Curiosus;" How to Buy a Horse, No. V, by An Amateur; French and English Horses, by "Nimrod;" Remarks on Purity of Blood and Horse-Racing, by "J. H.;" The Sportsman's Reveille, by G. T. Manning; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; American Racing Calendar; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to he above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

☞On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*
J. B. TAYLOR, }

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany.

WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839

A. M. Jewe...

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livington, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

June 23, 8139.—[jy 13] J. J. JEWELL, Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5
Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct
Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1t October

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma. W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*

Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept7]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price. Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-3m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J C

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; $300 entrance, $100 ft.; to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Levi

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Nov. 30—A variety of entertainments, which will be expressed in the bills of the day.

MONDAY, Dec. 2—First night of the engagement of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; COUNTRY GIRL and WIDOW WIGGINS.

TUESDAY, Dec. 3—Second night of the engagement of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; MAN AND WIFE and NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4—Third night of the engagement of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; ENGLISHMAN IN INDIA and FOREIGN AIRS.

THURSDAY, Dec. 5—Fourth night of the engagement of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; TRUTH and FOREIGN AIRS.

FRIDAY, Dec. 6—Sixth night of the engagement of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; MAN AND WIFE and IRISH WIDOW.

MOBILE THEATRE.

THE undersigned are building a Theatre in Mobile, which will be ready to open on Christmas eve. It will be more eligibly situated than their late one, and of greater dimensions. It will accommodate *twelve hundred persons*. Professional ladies and gentlemen will please address the firm at Mobile.

[nov30–3t] LUDLOW & SMITH.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre* at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next.

Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to. JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—

The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.

Also,—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.

Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21–10t*]

CHRIST REJECTED,

AT the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, near Niblo's.—This magnificent and well known picture, painted by the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.H., which was so much admired when publicly exhibited a few years since in the United States, where in four of the principal cities; it was visited by upwards of *one hundred thousand persons*, is once more offered to the notice of the citizens of New York, and this will probably be the last time they will have an opportunity of seeing this, the most celebrated production of modern times.

Admittance 25 cents. Descriptive Pamphlets, 12½ cents.

Open from 10 in the morning till 10 in the evening. [oct5]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The benefit of Mrs. MARTYN, on Thursday last, brought up the business of the Park this week, somewhat; till then the houses had been but the index of the times—as safe a criterion, indeed, of the pressure in the money market, as the sales at the stock exchange. "Der Freischutz," "Fra Diavolo," "La Gazza Ladra," and "La Sonnambula," have been sung since our last, and all well sung; the first named opera has improved amazingly since the first night. The same may be said of "Fra Diavolo;" Mr. MANVERS has pulled up in voice and in his acting of the "bold brigand."

There is nothing of such marked interest going on in the theatre, that we should occupy our columns with it to the exclusion of late interesting English theatricals. M. ALEXANDRE is about concluding his engagement—not a brilliant one, notwithstanding that he is on all hands called a clever man. His benefit will soon take place, when his countrymen should muster in full force.

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM opens on Monday, and plays during the week in her light, laughable affairs, and we are inclined to think will draw better houses than tragedy or opera—just now the body of the people want relief to the spirits, and find it rather in farce and fun than "melancholy music."

It has been announced, or rumored—upon what authority is not known to us—that the VANDENHOFFS will play an engagement here. May it be so! A similar rumor is current of Mr. FORREST. Notwithstanding the fierce opposition of a portion of the press to the Park theatre, there has never been a season when the theatre deserved a warmer support. The stock company was never stronger, and a variety of stars have appeared; in opera, no troupe so expensive to the management has, to our knowledge, been brought out. But the opposition partially, and lack of money principally, have made it an up-hill business throughout. CELESTE, who is certainly engaged, will improve the houses.

By some inadvertence in naming the individuals who appeared in the comedy of the "Poor Gentleman," Mr. CHIPPENDALE was omitted. He played *Humphrey Dobbins* on the occasion; if there be an individual in the world who could have done it more justice, he is not known to us. The career of Mr. Chippendale upon our stage has been signally illustrative of the necessity of a long familiarity with an andience before a stock actor is properly appreciated. From being almost unnoticed in his earlier parts, by dint of perseverance, careful study, and his own cleverness, he now ranks with the very best comedians in the country; after Mr. PLACIDE, many think him the best. We state this with more pleasure from having unintentionally omitted a tribute due last week.

Another error was committed by a compositor in losing a notice of Miss POOLE, and her new song of the *Mountain Maid*. It is hardly worth naming, but now that the hand is in, confessing it can do no harm. The song is very pretty, and has been uniformly called for a second time.

The New Chatham.—This house has taken a sudden start in its career, and we are assured by a friend, has been now crowded for a week or two in succession. Many of the members of the late National company are there—Mrs. and Mr. HENRY WALLACK are there, playing genteel comedy, with BROWNE and WILLIAMS in the farces. The lower prices of this theatre, with the attraction offered, accounts for the good business, nor can we wish it anything but a successful continuance.

The Park corps of vocalists start this day for Baltimore, where they open on Monday, in "La Gazza Ladra." May we warmly commend them to our readers in that city as a corps of vocalists hitherto unrivalled at our theatres, taken as a whole? As to the individual excellence of each, we will not speak more particularly—our columns have uniformly expressed our opinions with sincerest warmth. From Baltimore it is presumed that they proceed to the Capital, so that we cannot look for them in New York before the lapse of three or four weeks.

Among the on dits of the town, is the marriage on the 23d inst. by the Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, of Mr. HENRY HILLYARD, artist of the Park Theatre, to Miss JANE SUSANNAH MASON, a neice of the KEMBLES and Mrs. SIDDONS. Miss Mason was well known in the Southern Circuits.

Several members of the National company are in Providence, where Mrs. FITZWILLIAM recently closed. Miss MONIER, Young WALLACK, and LAMBERT, are now there; they were very cordially received.

English Theatricals.

KNOWLES's new play was to be brought out at Covent Garden, on the 4th inst., ELLEN TREE playing the leading part. The whole company had been busily engaged in rehearsing it for the two previous weeks. The "Observer" says of it—

"We have heard the best accounts of the story, construction, and characters of this fresh contribution to our sterling dramatic literature; but we think it would be hardly fair to say anything by way of anticipation. The value the lessees of Covent Garden put upon it may be judged from the fact, currently stated in theatrical society, that they have willingly paid down £400 for it, taking the chance (if chance it be) of success, and giving the author also a liberal contingent advantage dependent upon the number of nights of representation. Should the play run twenty-five nights, if we are correctly informed, Knowles will realize little short of £1,000 by his new effort. This is as it should be, and, with the aid of the recent statute, it affords excellent encouragement to dramatic authors, for Knowles always reserves to himself the right of allowing his productions, upon certain terms, to be played in the provinces."

DRURY LANE OPENED.

[London Morning Post.]

On Saturday, the 26th of October, this theatre was opened for the season, under the management of Mr. W. J. Hammond, with the musical romance of "The Fairy Lake," followed by "Turning the Tables," and "The Jew and the Doctor." Considerable pains have evidently been taken to improve the appearance of the house; but this is a matter of taste, and we confess that the effect is, in our eyes, nothing better than "reform," or, to speak plainly, a change for the worse. The new curtain drop is intended to be very magnificent; but the component parts are trivial, and the peculiarity of the mode in which the embryo Shakspeare is unfolded and brought to light is rather provocative of risible than sublime emotions. The new act drop contains some bold architectural features, but in a style so original that we cannot pretend to guess at the locality. The dark puce, or mulberry paper, which lines the interior of the boxes, throws a gloomy air over what ought to be the brilliant circle of spectators; and the dull, ochry aspect of the exterior, the proscenium, &c., conspires to render the effect still more sombre. With such a lively and lightsome illustration of the pleasing influence of judicious coloring as Covent Garden presents, the decorative artists of Drury Lane ought not to have been led astray, even in search of novelty. The Fairy Lake has already been produced at Mr. Hammond's former theatre, and, as the plot and character of the piece are now well known, we need not enter into any repetition. Suffice it to say that there was little variation in the recent representation, with the exception of the introduction of thirteen of Auber's airs, substituted for others previously sung. Mrs. Waylett again performed Zela in her usual style; but we must confess that the beautiful airs introduced from Auber, Herold, Marschner, and Mercandante (even modulated and modified as they are by Alexander Lee), appear to us to require much more power and variety of voice than constitutionally belong to her. She sings a ballad very sweetly; but when we have heard her once we are perfectly contented. An apology was made for the principal tenor (Mr. Collins), who labored under a cold, and, therefore, we shall refrain from any criticism on his performance, presuming that the same cause might have led to certain peculiarities of pronunciation by which the unfortunate vowels were ex-aspirated to an amusing extent, and Zela transformed into "a Hangel." The dancing was, however, so excellent as to afford us a degree of compensation that was highly acceptable. The fairy troops tripped along very prettily, and we had such an admirable masque performed in the market-place of Cologne that we cheerfully allowed Mars and Venus, Cupid and Hymen, to pass muster among "the moralities." Indeed, we may venture to predict with safety, that if the manager gave his public more dancing and less singing, his theatre would thrive accordingly, supported as it is by a company that includes considerable and varied talent. We admired Mr. W. J. Hammond himself exceedingly in the character of Jeremiah Bumps in Turning the Tables, in which he was ably seconded by Mr. Compton as Jack Humpreys. Miss Daly as Patty Larkins was perfect nature—such as we see it in Dunstable, personated with a feeling of heartiness and buoyancy of spirit such as we seldom see on the stage. The veteran Dowton performed Abednego in The Jew and the Doctor with great applause; and Mr. John Lee personated Mr. Changeable, sober and tipsy, to the life. The overture to Zampa was played in the course of the evening with great applause.

BULWER'S NEW PLAY.

[From the London Morning Post of 1st November.]

Last night, at the Haymarket Theatre, was produced Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's new drama, "The Sea Captain; or, the Birthright." The latter title is the more legitimate of the two. There is no reason why the play should be called "The Sea Captain," save that its hero has the command of a vessel left to him by a fostering patron, which vessel is visible in two or three coast scenes of the drama, but is not in any way mixed up with its Captain's adventures, which are all upon land. But of this anon. The play itself was completely successful. The house was crammed to the slips long before the curtain rose. The scenes were applauded all through, and when the "drop fell," to speak with something like "execution," there were shouts of plaudits. First, Macready was called for, and saluted not only with gratulations, but with *boquets* and laurel wreaths; next, Mrs. Warner received a similar compliment; then Miss Faucit was summoned to make her curtsey; and then arose a volley of shouts for "Bulwer." To these the Whig Baronet and playwright responded by "putting his head out of his box," and bowing genteelly to the audience, who by this time began to call for Mr. Phelps. But Mr. Phelps having early concluded his part had levanted, and Strickland (who fairly deserved it with the best of them) was called in his stead. Strickland—not quite *en costume*—came and bowed, and, finally, Mr. J. Webster was allowed (aloud) to announce the drama for repetition "every evening until further notice," amid plenty of applause and bravos confirmatory of complete success. Such are the business details of the entertainment. The plot we will concentrate into the smallest possible space. The scene is the north of Devon—the costume Elizabethan—the time occupied by the action of the drama, one day. Norman (Macready) is a "sea-captain," who has just arrived and anchored his ship before the Castle of Arundel. He despatches his Lieutenant, Faulkner (Mr. Home), to a priest, Onslow (Mr. Phelps), his foster father, and hies himself to meet Violet (Miss Faucit), his lady love. The Lady of Arundel (Mrs. Warner) has a son, Lord Ashdale (J. Webster), upon whom she has sacrificed all the love of her soul, and who is also in love with Violet. Lady Arundel's history furnishes the clue to all the incidents of the story. When she was young she had loved, and wedded secretly one of the pages in her father's noble house. The result of the marriage was the birth of a boy, named Arthur. But her husband being murdered by a pirate, Gaussen (Mr. O. Smith), and she being forced by her father into a second marriage, more worthy of her birth, the lady employed "a poor relation," a cousin, one Sir Maurice Beevor (Strickland), to get the secret offspring of her first husband transported beyond the seas. Sir Maurice, however, who, failing the children of the Countess, is heir to the Earldom and estates of Arundel, employs the pirate, Gaussen, to murder the boy as he had murdered the father, and to give him the ocean for a winding sheet. The child escapes the perils of the sea, into which he is cast—is picked up by a true sailor, who teaches him his craft, leads him into battles, sees him distinguished, and dies leaving him his ship. It is thus he becomes a "sea captain," one part of his adventures having been the saving of Violet and her duenna, Prudence (Mrs. Clifford), from slavery. Norman, therefore, when he arrives at Arundel Castle as the lover of Violet, is also, without knowing it, the son of the Countess. Sir Maurice is apprised of his coming, and again employs the pirate Gaussen to assassinate him; but in the meanwhile he is introduced to the Lady Arundel, who knows him for her son, but who, having the other son (Lord Ashdale) by her second marriage, whom she has reared, and tended, and loved before the world, and in whom she has centered all her pride and hope, restrains her nature, and conceals her kindred to Norman. Finding, however, that he loves Violet, and that the flame is mutual, she countenances the passion, and, to avert Ashdale from his pursuit of Violet, plans and favors her flight with Norman. Accordingly the sea captain is to carry her off. A "meeting by moonlight" is arranged by an old chapel, a priest is to be in readiness, and Norman, aided by his lieutenant, Faulkner, and his boat's crew, is to bear away his bride. Sir Maurice, however, is on the alert; he apprizes Ashdale of the plan, and wakes his jealousy. He wants both him and Norman put out of the way, as they bar his Earldom, and he sends Gaussen the pirate to stab them both, in case they fail in their quarrel in killing each other. But, in the meanwhile, Oswald the priest, and foster-father of Norman, comes to meet him, and arriving first, is mortally wounded by the pirate, who is to rob him of the proofs which he possesses of Norman's birth, Oswald having married the Countess of Arundel to his father. Norman comes in time to drive away the pirate—to hear the old man's dying revealments—and to receive the proofs. He afterwards comes in contact with his mother—passes through scenes of wild emotion—has his filial feelings worked upon—first asserts and then foregoes his heritage—and closes an act with an effort to get a blessing from his unnatural parent. In one of these episodes of feeling, Lord Ashdale takes Norman's cloak, hat, and feather, which are to be the signals for guiding Violet to know him when they meet at the chapel. In these Lord Ashdale goes first, encounters Violet, and passes for Norman, glides silently with the poor girl into the chapel, and there is in the act of being murdered by Gaussen, the emissary of Sir Maurice, by mistake, when in bursts the real Norman, who saves his life, and avenges his own father by slaying the pirate on the spot. On emerging from the chapel they meet the Lady of Arundel, with servants bearing torches. In the excitement of the moment, and touched by the generosity of the sea captain, she acknowledges Norman for her first born, and thus robs her darling boy Ashdale of his heritage. Ashdale at first "kicks against the pricks;" but on Norman's burning the proofs, and foregoing his birthright in favour of the mother's pet, the latter is brought to his senses, pays a tribute to his brother's nobility of soul, resigns Violet, and embraces his family. Old Sir Maurice comes in just in time to be discarded and discomfited—and thus virtue triumphs, and affairs are amicably settled. Such is the story of "The Sea Captain." We have now to make a few observations upon the construction, morality, and general merits of the play. The drama, then, we hold to be weak, powerless, and unnatural. It is not perhaps so mischievous in its perversion of principle as "The Lady of Lyons," but in a dramatic sense it is the worst of the plays of Bulwer. Being a half domestic half romantic play, it is of course free from the gross historical falsehood of "Richelieu;" and it contains passages of poetry infinitely more true and beautiful than any that are to be found in the author's previous dramatic productions; but its conception is strained and unnatural, its declamation tedious and prosy, and its action difficult and dull. The pedantry with which it is put forward in the preface as an abstract illustration of a particular chivalry—as the reflex *par excellence* of the dashing and knightly sailor of the Elizabethan era—is nothing more or less than a literary impertinence, which would be presumptuous enough if the author had succeeded in his portrayal, but which, not having *attempted* to portray, for the "Sea Captain" only shines as a landsman, lays him open to the sneering censure of all who scorn the impotence of a quackery to which Sir Edward Bulwer need scarcely have demeaned himself to stoop. We will give the pompous sentence that parades the *finale* of this preface:—

"If the character I attempt to sketch is necessarily idealised by the poetry, that belongs to the drama, I trust that it is not the less essentially true to nature, and that the sea captain of Elizabeth's day will not be deemed an unworthy likeness of the forerunners and heralds of the glorious race that commenced with Blake, and found their most illustrious archetype in the gentle and daring heart—in the patriotism, disinterested and sublime—in the valor that was ever merciful—in the ambition that was never base—in all the memories of devoted life and heroic death, which, age after age, shall render not less holy than unfading the laurel and the cypress upon the tomb of Nelson."

This is at least enough to show the ambition of the writer, which, as far as the play is concerned, ends in balderdash. There is, in fact, only a nominal sea captain in it; if he had been a chivalrous landsman the purposes of the drama would have been equally served.

We have said the conception of the drama is unnatural, and critically we believe it. The Lady Arundel married for love first, and, after the object of her first affection had been slighted, was forced to a second marriage for wealth and rank. Yet the child of the man whom she is *forced* to wed is dearer to her than her first-born boy—the first pledge of her young affection—the offspring of her *chosen* husband. This is against all the laws of nature. Nature, in fact, is put out of the question with this mother. She knows her child, and refuses a maternal caress—a blessing even! So the relative positions of the two brothers are frequently unnatural and preposterous, and there is much spurious morality and ill-defined philosophy in the whole drama. As we said, however, it contains more passages of poetry than we have seen in Bulwer's previous works. It is the worst of his plays, because it has less interest, a weaker climax, and less continuity and steadiness of action than others which have preceded it—and the last act is decidedly the most heavy and flagging. We have no space, however, to say more of its merits here. It has been carefully got up, with new scenery and dresses, and Webster has no doubt bestowed upon it all the pains of his excellent and enterprising management. It was unequivocally successful, and will we have no doubt draw; but, critically, we dissent from its truth, nature, morality, and philosophy.

BUNN AGAIN UPON HIS LEGS.

The elegant little St. James's Theatre will, if we foretel not untruly, during the ensuing season, prove the most deeply-pricking thorn which has ever entered the sides, or rather the interests, of the two large, or "winter" houses. Scarcely had Mr. Bunn, from circumstances, with some of which the public are acquainted, been compelled to resign the lesseeship of Drury-lane, ere his activity pointed out to him that it was not altogether beyond the power of a manager to turn the St. James's Theatre to something like good account, and there were not a few parties possessed of competent judgment and discrimination to whom he imparted his ideas upon the matter, who did not at once coincide in his views, namely, that by a course of judicious management, backed by a well-selected company, the lesseeship of Braham's establishment in King-street might be opened and carried on to a profitable issue.

And this point, in fact, was the rock on which Braham had split, inasmuch as every party who was at all conversant with the conduct of a theatre had long seen that the line adopted and pursued by the "leviathan of song," during his direction, was diametrically opposed to that which it ought to have been.—Mr. Braham, of the present day, has not the transcendent powers of the Mr. Braham of some 30 years back, neither has the musical taste of the public since the peace been exactly what it was at the time when the English stage boasted of a *tenor* whose capabilities were unrivalled even in foreign climes.—Mr. Braham, therefore, was not precisely the vocalist to whom the proprietor or the lessee of a theatre, within the last four years, could safely or ought to have looked upon as the main; indeed, almost the *only* feature of attraction. But such was the plan; and that comparatively empty benches should consequently be the result, except to the individual himself and his family, could not create very much of surprise.

But better days we trust, are in store for Mr. Braham's theatrical property, and that object is to be alone accomplished by able management and liberal salaries. The former is to be exhibited by the nature and character of the entertainments; the latter will be proved by the *artistes* engaged.

As far as our information at the present moment goes, we are enabled to state that Major Ebrington has entered into an agreement with Braham to lease his theatre for three years; and that matter having been settled, the gallant officer secured Mr. Bunn as his acting manager. The latter then looked about for the purpose of discovering what talent there was in the market of which he could avail himself, for by that he must, in a great measure, necessarily be guided with regard to the precise nature of the entertainments he should be able to give. The result of those inquiries has been the engagement of Pauline Garcia, Miss Cooper, and Harriet Cawse; and Henry Phillips, Templeton, Allen, Stretton, and Braham, as principal vocalists. There is also a probability, we have heard, that Miss Romer will, ere long, become a member of the corps. Thus, although it had been asserted that *all* the talent of the metropolis, as well as of the provinces, had been seized, either by Madame Vestris or by Hammond, (whose list of engagements at that period had not been put forth), it will be seen Mr. Bunn has succeeded in laying hold of the best operatic company of the day, with Tom Cooke as the musical director.

Opera, therefore is to constitute the leading feature in the performances; and they will, of course, be the first pieces. These are generally to be followed by dramas of a domestic character, or farces, to support which, we find a lady of the name of Gurner (from York, we believe,) has been retained. This candidate for metropolitan fame, we hear, is an exceedingly elegant and graceful woman, whose style of acting is much after that of Mrs. Yates of the Adelphi. She is an actress of interest and intellect, the very *artiste*, we take it, for the atmosphere of St. James. The other parties in this department are a Mr. Davidson, of high provincial reputation, who played one or two nights at the English Opera House, King, Brindal, Tilbury, T. Matthews, &c. &c., Mrs. Garrick and Mrs. Franks. In addition to these, Morris Barnett, an actor of eminent genius, as was demonstrated by his impersonation at this theatre, two or three years back, of Monsier Jaques, and of high literary attainments, has likewise been enrolled in the *corps dramatique*. He will appear in an "original" two act drama from his own pen on the opening night.

The entertainments, it is intended, are to conclude with a ballet, in which the majority, if not nearly every *danseuse*, will be imported from our Parisian neighbors. That the selections, both with respect to ability and beauty, have been such as to command approbation, may, we apprehend, be confidently inferred from the fact that the veteran "Seguin" has been for some time in Paris making the engagements. With the exception of her Majesty's Theatre, so perfect a *Corps de Ballet* has never been offered to the notice of a London auditory by any theatre.

Already many of those of the upper circles, who are in town, have intimated their intention to patronise the effort, and private boxes have been taken by Count D'Orsay, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Chesterfield, and several others, whose names have not reached us. We have also heard it stated that the Queen has graciously signified her wish to have a box set apart for the Royal use

The interior of the theatre has been newly and splendidly embellished. The chances at present are that the *ouverture* will take place on Saturday next.

The opening pieces will be Shield's musical romance of *The Woodman*; a new drama by Morris Barnett; and a Ballet.

The opera of *The Woodman* contains several ballads which are admirably adapted to Phillips's peculiar powers. It was originally produced at Covent Garden in 1791, and had a long and successful run.

The performances are not to commence until eight or half-past eight o'clock on each evening.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on fine paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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